

A
CHARLESTON
ALBUM

MARGARET
HAYNE
HARRISON

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A CHARLESTON ALBUM

A Charleston Album

By

MARGARET HAYNE HARRISON



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For my daughters
SALLY, MARGARET ANNE AND LUCY

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PREFACE

My travels have taken me all over the world to faraway places of breathtaking beauty. I have climbed the hoary ruins of the Parthenon, marveled at the constantly changing colors of the waters of the Bosphorus, wandered through the palace of Minos on Crete, which after more than three thousand years still guards the secret of its labyrinths. I have sensed the ethereal perfection of the Alhambra by moonlight; yet the thrill of being in such surroundings has been nothing to the excitement with which, as a child, I used to sail down California's coast for a vacation visit in Montecito with Grandmother.

It was a child's summer world. There were the barren mountains of the Coast Range in the distance. Encircling the adobe ranch house were forests and fruit orchards; dusty roads rambled in every direction along which I would explore on an old nag, clinging for hours to my heavy Mexican leather saddle. There were the white beaches where I picnicked or went swimming in the Pacific in a modest long skirted bathing suit, my legs well covered by stockings. There was the scented hay that stacked our barn, and the snappy yellow surrey, and the tea parties on the long veranda when guests drove out from Santa Barbara.

When I returned after many years it was a changed land. The mountains, the woods, the yellow cliffs were there. The sea looked just as blue, the Channel Islands were still purple in the distant haze. It was no longer Fairyland. The adobe house had been torn down, a new owner was constructing a

modern mansion, and Grandmother was dead. Then I remembered the promise.

In her living room there had been many portraits on the walls, and in the evenings she would tell me the stories of these men and women who were our ancestors. The world of the Old South was very different from today, and they had taken an active, often a heroic part in its shaping. Whatever their faults, they were not negative human beings, nor were they passive onlookers at life. Their work had been constructive, they had been loyal to their traditions and beliefs, and they had been willing to suffer for them.

The last summer I saw Grandmother she was eighty three and I was eighteen. We both felt that we would not meet again, for I would be away for the whole college year. It was then I promised her to retell these stories of our people whom she had made so real to me. Years have gone by since then, and now that I am many times a grandmother, I must fulfil the promise.

Let my children, my children's children and anyone who may be interested in the traditions of an old American family sit with me as I open and turn the faded pages of my Charleston Album.

M.H.H.

San Francisco,
California
June, 1953

A CHARLESTON ALBUM

I

GREAT GREAT GREAT GREAT GRANDFATHER THE TREASURER

ONE HOT June afternoon in Charles Town an old gentleman dozed in his garden chair, protected from the noise of Church Street by a hedge of white Cherokee roses. He was seventy years of age, and lately he had been feeling every one of them. He had been Treasurer of the Carolinas for almost three decades and his cares were constantly increasing now that the bitter political tension between Great Britain and the Colony was becoming ever greater. Life had been kind to him, but in 1770 the picture was changing; there were too many irritating problems to trouble him. Besides, these dizzy fits, these gnawing headaches, these sleepless nights were warning symptoms. He had always kept a careful memorandum of the principal events in his life, intending sometime to expand it into a narrative which would be a thrilling tale for his many descendants, but there had never been time. Even now perhaps it was not too late, if he made a great effort. Leaning back on his cushions and closing his eyes, Jacob Motte reviewed the panorama of his past years. From time to time he would sit up resolutely, and look through his worn leather note book for consultation or correction.

The Mottes had led a checkered existence since Grandfather Jacques de la Motte, the Marquis, had changed to the new religion and left France in 1685 after the Revocation of

the Edict of Nantes. His son John Abram, who bore the Anglicized name of Motte, was Dutch Consul at Dublin for a while, later chose to become a British subject. He was an adventurous person and soon sailed away to Antigua in the West Indies, hoping to bring over his family later when he should be established. Not progressing as he wished in Antigua, he agreed, in true pioneer spirit, to go on to Carolina Province in 1704 and take up a settlement for a very wealthy investor by the name of John Perrie, to remain there for ten years as manager of this estate and as compensation to receive half of the annual profits.

Motte arrived on a vessel bearing the cheerful name of "Success," and secured the plantation "Youghal" in Christ Church Parish, as well as another estate of eight hundred acres near the site of Georgetown. He was thrifty and had the keen commercial sense of so many of the Huguenot emigrants. Entering into the life of the very young province, he was appointed on a committee to regulate the Indian Trade and make it safe for the public. At that time the Carolina woods abounded in deer, bears and raccoons, and the Indians would bring the skins into Charles Town to exchange for the rum they dearly loved. It was a holiday when the long pack trains wound down Broad Street, and the Indian leaders, when their stock was disposed of, were royally entertained at the houses of the merchants. Rice and animal skins formed the major portion of the trade with the Mother Country then, as indigo, introduced by Eliza Lucas, did not come on the market until 1744.

John Abram Motte sent to Dublin in 1709 for his wife, nine year old son Jacob and his two small daughters Sarah and Anna. Jacob never forgot that voyage from Cork to Charles Town. It lasted five weeks, which was excellent time for those days when passengers often tossed for two, even three months on a stormy ocean and were reduced to a fare of mouldy biscuits, salt beef and stale water. The little boy hated the close



Jacob Motte, Treasurer of the Carolinas
Portrait by Jeremiah Theuss

confinement and foul air of the cabin, but as the ship approached the Southern Coast there came days of October sunshine when he sat on deck, watched the sailors fishing, and wondered about the rapidly approaching New World.

Everything was exciting to the child in the Charles Town where the Mottes began their new home. The white settlers in the Province then numbered about six thousand, most of whom lived in Charles Town, either in brick or wooden houses of cypress or yellow pine. Around the little town were wooden palisades, and six forts with cannon placed ready to meet any sudden attack by way of the ocean. A fine highway, lined with shade trees, called the Broad Path, led from the town up between the Ashley and Cooper Rivers. Here the mail coach rattled along its way, and gentlemen exercised their horses. In the town itself neat brick foot ways lined the principal streets although the latter were unpaved.

The white inhabitants were Church of England men, English, Scotch and Irish Dissenters, Dutch, Quakers and French Huguenots. In addition, there were in the Province about four thousand Negro slaves who worked for the planters in the rice fields, fourteen hundred Indian slaves and a handful of white servants. There were two divisions in the Province. In the Low Country the planters cultivated rice in the swamp lands and grew corn, potatoes, and other crops in the higher part of their property. Only a small part of the land was in cultivation due to lack of farm implements, but the small plantations were often economically self sufficient with their cattle, hogs, sheep and Indian corn. In the Back Country in that remote period the only inhabitants were Indians and fur traders.

The wife and children of John Abram Motte shared his enthusiasm over the land of plenty where he had settled. In Carolina's mild, semi-tropical climate they found not only most of the vegetables they had known in Europe, but every kind of fruit, walnuts, olives, abundant rice and Indian corn. The woods were full of wild turkeys and hares, the waters off

the coast abounded in fish, oysters, crabs and shrimps. It was a Paradise surrounded by ever-present danger. There were enemies, the French and Spanish, eager for raw materials and constantly intriguing to capture this juicy morsel of the Lords Proprietors. In 1707 the Colonists beat off a French attack on Charles Town. The year after the Mottes' arrival occurred the terrible uprising of Yemassee Indians, incited by Spain, who laid waste to the country side, burned plantations and advanced to the gates of the city where the Colonists without any aid from Great Britain, repulsed them after a terrific battle. The pirates, greedy for the rice ships on their way to England, prowled about off the coast for years until the hanging of Steve Bonnet in 1719 ended that menace. Anything could happen in those days, and there was never a dull moment.

Energetic John Abram Motte wore himself out in pioneer activities and died two years after the family joined him in Charles Town. His life in the Colony had been brief but full of accomplishment. He had been appointed Commissioner to superintend the founding and construction of a free school. Always a devoted Huguenot, he was one of the three members of that group to belong to the first vestry of St. Philip's Church.

Jacob Motte opened his note book. In 1713 he had made an entry when he was bound as an apprentice to Francis Le Brasseur "for the term of seven years which I faithfully served out. Then entered into partnership in an iron monger's shop with my uncle Charles Hill till the year 1725 when I was married."

Forgotten were the long sober years of hard work, unending routine and realistic achievement. He was a romantic boy again, and he had met Betty Martin.

There had come from Barbados to Charles Town a couple by the name of Martin who had died leaving behind a daughter Betty, one of those rare creatures about whom legends spring up. Young she certainly was, but Jacob must have been mis-

taken when he wrote that she was fifteen at the time of her marriage, because the fame of her enchanting personality had already spread through the Province, and she was the greatest belle who ever lived in Charles Town. Her charm became part of the old town's folk lore and survives in a song "Young Betty Martin, tip toe fine, couldn't get a husband to suit her mind."

She had too many beaux, and she was very fickle. When sturdy, homely Jacob finally won her as his wife, he had fought a duel for her hand in St. Philip's churchyard with his most serious rival. Both youths were left prostrate and bleeding on the ground, but Jacob was able to get up and rush to Betty's side. The old man in the garden read over again the triumphant record that "on January 1, 1725—Saturday evening at the house of Samuel Pickering on Tradd Street in Charles Town, S. C., I was lawfully married to Elizabeth Martin, daughter of Patrick and Hannah Martin of the same place, deceased, by the Rev. Mr. Garden in presence of a few friends and Mr. Robert Tradd, her guardian."

Then follow in the memorandum book records of many, many infants' births, and the entry of a goodly number of their deaths. It was not unusual in that era of tragic infant mortality, and no one was too upset, because it was God's will. So thought Jacob Motte, remembering that of his and Betty's eighteen children, seven had passed away in early infancy. His great friend Reverend Alexander Garden, had married him to Betty, had baptized most of his children, and had always been with him in his troubles to offer religious consolation. The Rev. Garden had come to Charles Town as deputy of the Bishop of London "to watch not only over the morals of the clergy, but to enforce their observance of the rules and forms prescribed by the Church." He watched so well that he brought the Rev. George Whitfield, one of the founders of Methodism, before an ecclesiastical court in which the latter was suspended from his office. Jacob Motte agreed with his

friend in the dispute. He believed in a world regulated by law and order, where emotions were held in control, and too much enthusiasm made him uneasy.

Betty had died, worn out at the age of forty seven. The tense active life she had to lead as the wife of one of the most prominent men in the Colony sapped her radiant vitality as much as the endless childbirths. Had her duty been only to care for eighteen children, she probably could have survived to old age. Jacob Motte became one of the leaders of the community. He was the organizer of the first fire insurance company in North America, founded in 1736, and called "The Friendly Society for the Mutual Insuring of Houses against Fire." The great fire that destroyed much of Charles Town in 1740 burned "Motte's Wharf," and he had been one of the heaviest losers. Nothing discouraged him. At once an advertisement appeared in the South Carolina Gazette that "Jacob Motte, being burnt out, continues to sell as usual ship chandlery and iron ware at the scale house on his wharf. He hopes all persons indebted to him will consider his great loss and pay him for this crop to enable him to pay his debts and carry on his business."

His friends had rallied at once to his support, for his reputation as a merchant of honor and integrity was widely known. In 1743 Jacob Motte was appointed Public Treasurer of the Province, a post he still held after nearly twenty seven years.

He lay thinking now of 1745, the year that had ushered in a new era in their lives when they moved into the great rose colored house on Church Street, cool even in the sultry summers because of its high ceilings and wide shaded balconies. It was a gay chapter in Charles Town's history, when beautiful homes were being constructed for which fine furniture, carpets, mirrors and works of art kept arriving on every ship. The Scotchman, Royal Governor Glenn, was well liked though he scolded Charlestonians for their luxury and extravagance. Trade with Great Britain was steadily increasing; it

was the time when rice exports trebled and indigo, Carolina's wonder staple, aided by its subsidy from the British Government, multiplied four fold.

The great planters of rice and indigo moved to their town houses in summer and brought over able tutors from Europe for their younger children. The "Gazette," published every Saturday, carried advertisements of dancing masters, music teachers, milliners, and wig makers. Excellent silver smiths had set up their shops. The Dock Street Theatre, built in 1736, showed first class plays. Peter Horry advertised "Lately imported brocade stuffs, women's short cloaks, men's scarlet great coats, whole suits and single fly coats of broadcloth. Head Flowers in boxes, laces, edgings, etc." All the pleasures that the English enjoyed at home were now offered in Charles Town; hunting, card playing and horse racing were enjoyed by the men, and balls and concerts were the order of the day.

The town's favorite painter was the Swiss Jeremiah Theus, but many Charlestonians sat for their portraits in London, for there was much traveling back and forth to the Mother Country. Sons of wealthy families often prepared for their professions in the Universities of Great Britain or on the Continent, and then returned home after making the traditional, but after all very superficial "Grand Tour of Foreign Parts."

Jacob and Betty Motte had never traveled. There was always too much work for them to do at home. She had her many children and he was tied down by the duties of his important office. He had never learned to play and relax, like so many of his friends, and life to him meant devotion to his tasks, to his Church and to charitable projects. Betty had been too exhausted with the care of her huge family to teach him to laugh. Together they faced years of fire and hurricane, epidemics of yellow fever and smallpox, and somehow managed to survive while Jacob went soberly about his daily tasks.

His friend Dr. Garden interested him in the education of Negro children, and he became a substantial contributor to the

plan of buying and educating promising young Negroes and sending them out through the Province to organize classes of instruction for Indians as well as blacks. The project had been successful for about twenty years, and then was allowed to lapse. It was a little more than a century in advance of the times.

The Motte children who survived had more than average intelligence, and the busy years had slipped by so quickly that their father could hardly realize that they were all married and settled in homes of their own. They had all married "well." Jacob was a firm believer in the French idea that all matches should be "arranged," and there had been no misalliances in his family. The girls had married into the Shubrick, Drayton, Peronneau, Irvin, Dart and Huger families. Hannah took Thomas Lynch for her first husband, for her second General William Moultrie.

Six years after Betty's death, Jacob had married a wealthy widow, Mrs. Anne Pickering, and had two more children by her. After all, one had to be practical. He had a large household, and there had to be someone to supervise the children who at that time were unmarried.

His boys, Jacob Junior, Isaac and Charles were ardent American patriots, outspoken in their resistance to the encroachments of the British Crown. Jacob Junior's clever wife, Miles Brewton's sister Rebecca, had shared her husband's convictions from the beginning of their marriage. He, Jacob Senior, had at first been mildly shocked by their arguments, which seemed like dangerous thinking, but the young people gradually jolted him out of his conservatism, and he studied over the question by himself.

Events of tremendous significance were hurrying the Colony towards an unknown future. The breathing spell that followed the British Parliament's repeal of the Stamp Act was broken by the Townshend Acts of 1767, with their taxes on tea, lead, glass, etc., and the Colony was once more in an up-

roar. Finally, South Carolina Province followed the example of New England and adopted an agreement of non-importation of British goods. Furthermore, it was voted not to import or sell Negroes from Africa after January first, 1770; after January to import no wine; and to trade with no one who had failed to sign the agreement within a month. The General Committee appointed to enforce this agreement consisted of thirteen planters, thirteen merchants, and thirteen mechanics, in short, the three representative groups of the Province.

On December 8, 1769, Jacob Motte had received in his office of Treasurer an order passed by the Provincial Assembly of South Carolina for 10,500 pounds currency "for the purpose of aiding the American colonies in their resistance against the tyrannical measures being adopted by the British Parliament." He promptly paid the order for his decision had been made, and he had no regrets.

His noble French grandfather de la Motte had rebelled against injustice, giving up security and a fortune to escape to an alien land. His Huguenot father had also turned his back on security to work for a future in pioneer Carolina. He himself had grown old with the Charles Town he had always been so proud to serve, and had provided for his descendants through years of grinding work and sacrifice. Dreading confusion and disorder, he had become overconventional but, like all the Mottes, he had always been a free spirit. He only wished he were young again so he could devote his energies to the construction of the new independent citadel of democracy that the thirteen colonies would eventually become. He knew he would not live to see that day, but his boys would carry on.

Suddenly he felt very tired. He was old, so old. He realized that the story of his life would never be written; only his little memorandum book remained to indicate to curious history students the sign posts of his career.

The old man closed his eyes. There kept running through his mind the words of an Elizabethan love song by Sir Philip

Sidney that Betty used to sing to him in the early years of their marriage. The melody rang in his ears again, and he could see the vivid little creature in her pale yellow Indian muslin, smiling up at him as she played the lute.

“My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one to the other given;
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven;
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.”

When they came out to search for him that evening, Jacob Motte was dead. He had passed away in his sleep. History tells that he was buried with “great pomp” and interred “with other great men” in St. Philip’s Churchyard. An elaborate eulogy in the MSS register of Christ Church Parish is extremely flattering; like all the eulogies of “great men,” it gives no portrait of the individual. Part of it reads: “He lived in the constant practice of every Christian duty and was a striking example of that vivacity and cheerfulness which distinguished the man void of offence. He esteemed every good character, and in turn was beloved by all. His charity was distinguished by a prudent application to deserving objects, and it may with great truth and justice be said that the Province has lost an excellent citizen and the poor a most generous benefactor.”

2

THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE

LATE ON a sultry August afternoon in 1775, the "Master of the House," Miles Brewton, strolled in his Charles Town garden which was kept cool, even on the most oppressive days, by an avenue of stately trees. He had many problems, and well he needed to solve them, for at dawn he was embarking for Philadelphia. His wife and two small boys were to accompany him, and he was sailing towards an unknown future.

The autumn twilight softened the garden's exotic colors. Tall tamarisk trees with featherlike leaves and coral blossoms, orange and lemon trees, and the Pride of India's perfumed purple flowers obscured the beds of Bermuda lilies, the Cape jessamine, the pansies and English violets. From the trellises hung the heavy yellow "cloth of gold" roses. There were other roses, some deep red, some whiter than the master's favorite snowdrops which he had brought from London at the time he had contracted for the cargo of bricks for his great Georgian house that was Charles Town's pride.

It was ten years since the mansion had been completed. Ezra Wright, "Civil Architect, Housebuilder and London carver" had planned and constructed this King Street residence that had a special appeal to Charles Town's people. It was not so suited to the sultry climate as the lighter and more airy West Indian type of house, but it struck that note

of England always dear to the citizens of His British Majesty's "miniature London."

Life had been more than kind to the slender, gray haired man whose dark eyes reflected a quick and subtle intelligence. Robert Brewton, his grandfather, had emigrated from England to Charles Town in 1684, and had engaged in the goldsmith's trade, which at that time included all forms of banking. His father, of the same name, had been elected to the Commons House of Assembly as the representative of St. Philip's Parish in 1736. Miles had grown to manhood in the most prosperous years of Charles Town's history. Beginning his career as a clerk in a merchant's countinghouse, his tireless energy had enabled him to pile up a fortune.

South Carolina was the favorite colony of the British Crown, and her great merchants' power steadily increased with the expanding prosperity of the British Empire. London merchants extended liberal credits to them; they not only received commissions for selling merchandise and buying the staple crops of rice and indigo, but also were extended bills of exchange by which they could purchase cargoes in any part of the world where it was permitted to trade. In 1775 alone, Charles Town's export business amounted to 140,000 barrels of rice and a million pounds of indigo, not to speak of her trade in cattle, corn, wheat, lumber and tar. The British Navigation Act oppressed New England and Virginia by forbidding them to trade except through British ports, but Charles Town merchants could ship directly to Mediterranean ports provided the British market had first been satisfied; thus a large part of their rice crop could be sold abroad without paying toll to England, and could be carried in the ships of these merchant princes, who were not only traders but bankers and brokers as well. Small wonder that Miles Brewton's name was spoken with respect from Amsterdam to New England, from Georgia to South America. Gossip had it that he, together with two

other international merchants, Laurens and Legare, doubled their capital every three years. They controlled the financial life of the Carolina colony.

Then there was the slave trade which added an enormous sum to profits. In the eighteenth century the British were the greatest slave traders in the world, although in 1770 Lord Mansfield decided in the Somerset case that the trafficking of slaves out of British ports must be ended. Ships had been continually sailing from these ports to the coast of Africa to import slaves into the British American colonies, and the principal British cities—London, Bristol, Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham—had been thriving as a result. It was considered beneath the dignity of a merchant prince to sell goods directly to the consumer. However, “to deal in slaves and indentured white servants was a highly honorable employment.” The slave ships would arrive in the spring, consigned to some merchant or factor in partnership with the British firm that had shipped them; frequently the Charles Town factor was part owner of the ship. The demand for field slaves was very heavy in Carolina, and those from the Gold Coast and Gambia were considered especially desirable. Henry Laurens, afterwards President of the American Congress, related in 1764 that he had sold a cargo of slaves at higher prices than anybody in the colony. The year before, Miles advertised a cargo of slaves just arrived from Gambia after a short passage of six weeks; in 1772, he announced his Gambia cargo had made the trip in thirty days. Neither Laurens nor he had any qualms about it; the slave trade was part of the commerce of ordinary life, and no stigma whatsoever was attached to it. They were children of their era.

Miles Brewton’s devotion to the Mother Country was very deep. Loving England as he always had, he took intense pride in the furtherance of close relations between her and South Carolina. So many of his friends still referred to London as

“home,” and he himself had made several voyages there to renew old family ties. In 1756 he was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and in 1768 he had sailed abroad with his wife, the former Miss Izard, whose cousin Sarah had married Lord William Campbell, in after years the last Governor of the Province of South Carolina.

In Charles Town, the bonds with England seemed stronger than ever. The cultural level of the citizens, compared with other colonial towns, was high, and they were steeped in the traditions of their British ancestors. Many of the wealthy families had brought over tutors to take charge of the education of their sons; there was a widespread knowledge of English law and parliamentary history among the planters. Law students crossed the ocean to study Common Law at Temple Inn; many of the physicians called Edinburgh University their Alma Mater, and a number of the clergy had received their training for the ministry “at home.”

The men of Charles Town, however, always keenly interested in politics, had from an early time offered resistance to any encroachments by the Crown. It galled them to see their young men of excellent education passed over as candidates for high places, especially in the judiciary, the plums being given to protégés of the Crown, who often had neither knowledge of nor interest in local conditions. British-born men were appointed almost exclusively, just as in the South America of that time, the choice positions went to those born in Spain. Even before 1750, the Province of South Carolina claimed the right to introduce and pass laws for imposing taxes on its people. When the Royal Governor Boone objected to the election of Christopher Gadsden as Charles Town’s representative in the Provincial Legislature, the Governor’s salary was cut off and he was forced to return home.

It was Chris Gadsden who first planted the idea of independence in the Charles Town mind, but for many years he stood alone. The year 1765 marked the Passage of the Stamp

Act imposing a tax on all legal and business documents, and on all books and newspapers in the Colonies. Then Chris Gadsden came into his own at last. The people of Charles Town rioted for nine days, and the bells of St. Michael's tolled incessantly. The city's flags hung at halfmast, and the Legislature in session decided that taxes could only be laid on South Carolina by the people's own representatives. American students in London protested the Stamp Act, calling on Parliament and the King to withdraw it. Of the twenty nine signers of the petition of protest, fifteen were Carolinians. When the Act was finally repealed, due to the efforts of William Pitt, Charles Town, grateful and relieved, erected a marble statue to the statesman.

In 1767 came the Townshend Acts when the Royal Governor Charles Greville attempted to enforce the token tax on tea; the tea was finally stored away in basements, as it was impossible to dispose of it. The next installment was pitched by the Charles Town citizens into the Cooper River.

The shadows were rapidly deepening, but the Charlestonians were not conscious of them. Political debates were constant, were even violent, but never faced reality. Never had the city's social life been more brilliant. It was then that the French traveler Crèvecoeur described its people as the "gayest in America." Great ships sailed constantly into the harbor, piled high with cargoes of furniture, textiles and silver for the homes that were being constructed for merchants and planters. The chief event of the year was Race Week, a popular festival shared by all classes, and thousands of pounds were lost and won on every race. The St. Cecilia Society, founded as an amateur concert society in 1737, had become the most exclusive dancing club in all the colonies.

Miles Brewton was disturbed and apprehensive over the political tension, but at that time considered it an altercation that could be settled within the British Empire. These years were full of family happiness and challenging work for him.

A Quaker visitor, Josiah Quincy from Philadelphia, has described a large dinner party at the King Street house—"a most superb house, said to have cost him eight thousand pounds sterling." A handsome macaw strutted up and down the room during dinner. There was a fiery Tory among the guests who expressed doubt of loyalty of all the colonies but Virginia. The special object of his hatred was Massachusetts, whose ambitious people, he cried, were plotting to lord it over all the Americans, should a break come.

In 1769, a non-importation association was formed in Charles Town, and leaders who lent prestige to it, although it was greatly to their own financial loss, were Henry Laurens and his brother James, together with Miles Brewton. It had for its object the boycotting of British manufacture and negro slaves offered for sale in South Carolina until all the oppressive legislation passed by the British Parliament since 1763, including the Townshend Acts, should be repealed. This association cut in two the importation of British goods, and ended the slave trade to Carolina. Laurens and Brewton sacrificed their own interests to help maintain the peace.

Feeling was mounting higher. News came that Britain had closed the port of Boston, and sympathy for the sister colony was widespread. The colonies agreed to import nothing at all until the port should be reopened. Gadsden convinced Charlestonians that their liberties were endangered. A General Election was ordered for five deputies to represent South Carolina at the first Continental Congress at Philadelphia, as well as to appoint a Committee of Public Safety to manage affairs at home.

Miles Brewton realized that he and his people were standing at the edge of an abyss. Three candidates were named as candidates to the Congress, Charles Pinckney, Rawlin Lowndes and himself. They were the favorites of the conservatives and the merchants, who made a foolish show of parading to the polls with all their clerks and dependents, so

irritating the mechanics and members of the radical party under Chris Gadsden that the latter made a supreme effort to get votes and elected their candidates, Gadsden, Lynch and Rutledge.

The struggle to the finish had begun. In 1774, the *Charles Town Gazette* made this reference to the celebration of the birthday of King George III: "Saturday last being the King's birthday when His Majesty entered into the thirty sixth year of his age—the same was observed here in the usual way; i.e., the bells were rung, colors displayed, guns at the fort fired; the militia were reviewed and His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor had company to dine with him in the Council Chamber; but there was not a single house illuminated at night nor any other demonstration of joy; the people lamenting that so good a Prince should be beset by a ministry who seem to have studied to alienate rather than preserve the affections of his most loyal subjects." This attitude recalls the faith of the South American colonies in the goodness of an equally stupid, but much more vicious sovereign, King Ferdinand VII of Spain, who was likewise "misled" by his advisers. Neither the Spanish American nor the British American colonies wanted to face reality and "made-believe" as long as possible.

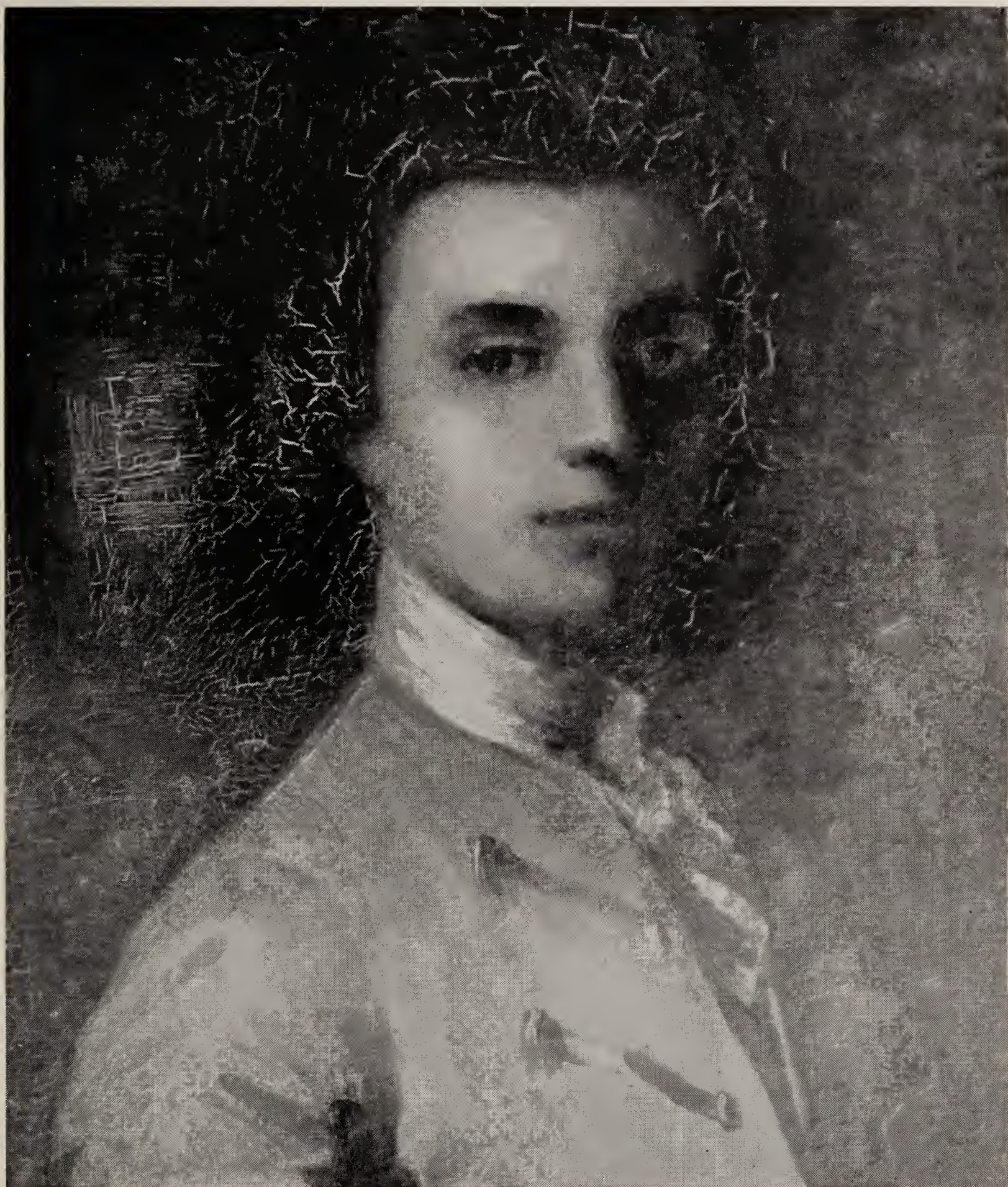
The Committee of Safety, of which Miles was a member, was the first independent government in the Colonies. They were to command all soldiers and administer all public monies; fifteen merchants and fifteen mechanics represented the town of Charles Town, and sixty-nine planters stood for the Parishes. This committee, which directed South Carolina through the American Revolution, was named by a Provincial Congress consisting of representatives from every district in the State.

Loyal old Lieutenant-Governor Bull, although he admitted there were grievances, still refused to acknowledge the existence of a Provincial Congress. All hope of a peaceful

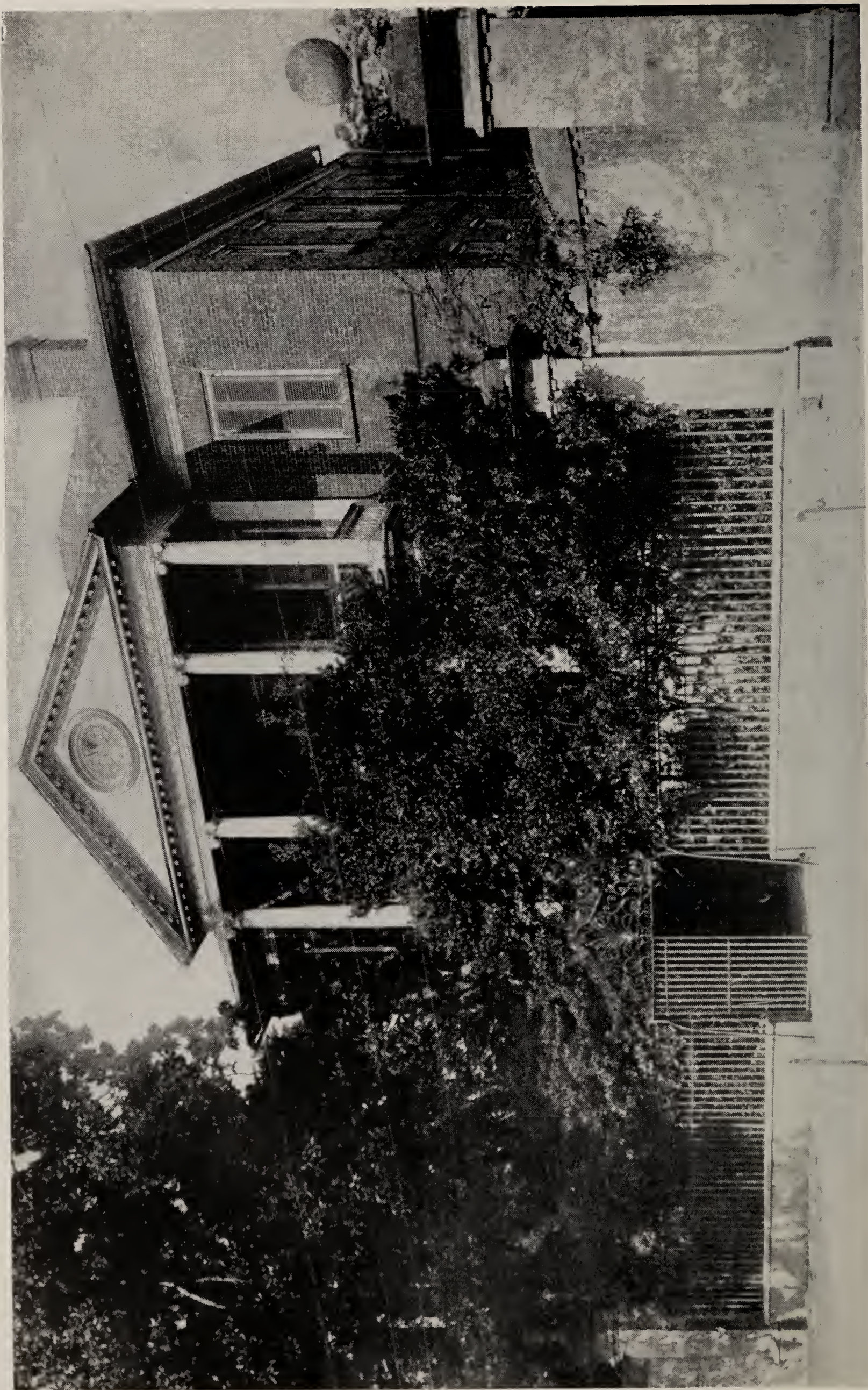
solution now seemed at an end. A day of fasting and prayer followed in Charles Town; in the churches the congregations joined in prayer "to defend us in the cause of Liberty and our country." Many among the ladies sobbed openly.

The battle of Lexington was fought; the delegates to the Continental Congress met in Philadelphia. At this moment, when in South Carolina the British Crown had been superseded by the Provincial Congress, there arrived the last British Governor to Carolina, the unfortunate Lord William Campbell. As his wife was a cousin of Mrs. Miles Brewton, and their own house was not yet in readiness, the Brewtons were their hosts in the King Street home. The ladies, highly nervous and unhappy, found little to say to each other. Sarah Campbell's own sister was Mrs. Arthur Middleton, the wife of one of the most outspoken leaders for independence. As for Miles Brewton's wife, she was completely distraught, and her one idea was to escape with her children from the coming peril while there was still time.

One evening a delegation from the Provincial Congress waited on Lord Campbell at the Brewton house, "hoping for nothing more ardently than for a speedy reconciliation with the Mother Country upon constitutional principles. We readily profess our loyal attachment to our Sovereign, his Crown and dignity." Lord Campbell, not too clever, much too young, and completely inexperienced, replied that he did not recognize any Provincial Congress, only the General Assembly. One statement made by the delegation struck him as especially alarming. "We shall take up arms as the result of a dire necessity and in compliance with the first law of nature." Did the speakers realize what they were saying? Frantic over the problem, he knocked at his host's door after midnight, explaining that the matter was urgent. He pleaded with Miles as a member of the Provincial Congress, to persuade the citizens to withdraw these words before a report of the speech should reach His Majesty's government. Should these words,



Miles Brewton
Portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds



The old Miles Brewton House in Charleston

which were a distinct threat against the Crown, be made public, the war would be on at once.

The two friends discussed the situation until daybreak, and Miles Brewton promised to do his best. He tried to persuade the more conservative members of the Committee but had no luck at all. To him the quarrel between the American colonies and the Crown had always seemed merely a fight for Magna Charta in the New World. Now he knew better, and stood aghast. In 1774 he had written to Josiah Quincy that "if Boston would only persevere and be prudent, her sisters and neighbors would work out her salvation without taking the musket." There had been too much stubbornness on both sides for any retreat.

Events moved swiftly. The youth of Charles Town rushed to join regiments, and the Committee of Public Safety took over as Congress adjourned. George Washington became commander-in-chief of the American army; the battle of Bunker Hill had been fought. Miles Brewton and William Drayton, as members of the Committee of Public Safety, were able to secure five thousand pounds of powder in Savannah, which they forwarded to the rebels in Boston. Although he let himself be swept along with the tide, Miles Brewton's suffering over the parting of the ways was intense. He could not sleep at night; life had become a horrifying dream.

Thus, that autumn evening, the master of the house reviewed in his mind the swift years that had given him so much happiness, only to withdraw it at the last. It was twilight now in the garden. Mrs. Miles Brewton had been completely hysterical for the last few days since a messenger had brought word that Indians in the northern part of the state were being incited by the British to murder the Colonials, and that many Charles Town slaves had been bribed to kill their masters. As far as the negroes were concerned, it was completely untrue, but the unstable Mrs. Brewton had pre-

vailed on Miles to take her and the children to relatives in Philadelphia. He had consented very reluctantly. It was the beginning of the hurricane season, a very dangerous time for traveling up the Atlantic coast. For Mrs. Brewton, it seemed the only way out, and she made her husband promise to order the vessel to keep close to the shore and to anchor every night.

That afternoon he had called on John Rutledge to make his will. In case that he and his family should perish, he had willed his beloved King Street house to that gallant young person, his sister Mrs. Rebecca Motte, who, although she had grown up on Church Street in the so-called Tory row, had always been as outspoken in her desire for American independence as fiery Chris Gadsden under the Liberty Tree.

Miles thought no longer of his own problems and put them out of his mind. They were insolvable. Could he ever turn away from England and sever all ties with her? Could he live in a new-born republic where he neither spoke nor wished to speak its language, and where its ideas shocked and revolted him? Could he render service to a cause in which he had no faith, in spite of the great financial future it would bring? His adherence to the non-importation association proves that to him money was not all important. He was tortured by his loyalty to the Motherland.

The autumn darkness folded about his garden. A young negress came down the path to say that "Miss Rebecca was at the house to say goodbye to Master." A small blonde woman followed her with cloth of gold roses in her arms. As he saw her, all his anxiety vanished. Whatever the future held for him, even if he carried out his half-formed plan and never returned again to Carolina, she would be a worthy successor to carry on in the beautiful home that represented his heart and his traditions.

The brother and sister, arm in arm, walked up through the garden towards the house. Words meant little in these anx-

ious hours. They both sensed that they might never meet again.

Miles Brewton, his apprehensive wife and their little sons apparently perished in a great storm off Cape Hatteras. The vessel on which they embarked was never heard from again. His large estate, amounting to a million and a half dollars, of which \$17,500 was left to charity, was administered in the Charles Town courts by John Rutledge. "Miss Rebecca," her invalid husband Jacob Motte and their three young daughters moved into the King Street home that was Miles Brewton's dream house.

Since then, over 176 years have gone by. Miles is a half forgotten memory. Two of his possessions remain, his portrait by Sir Joshua and his home. The portrait was slashed by a British bayonet during the American Revolution. The Georgian house of English bricks still stands, an inspiration to the generations of descendants, as well as to its hundreds of visitors, one of whom has written:

High hangs the wall along the narrow way
Tinted by time with green and gold and gray,
High in its pride of pillar and of arches,
Bright in the sun how valiantly it marches.

The New World that "Miss Rebecca" wished and worked for became a reality. Miles Brewton, so tormented by old loyalties and desiring only the best for his Carolina, has this epitaph carved on his tomb in St. Philip's:

A faithful patriot,
He builded better than he knew.

3

REBECCA

MILES BREWTON's younger sister Rebecca was married at twenty to Jacob Motte, one of the many children of Jacob Motte, the Treasurer of the Carolinas, who was the Brewtons' next-door neighbor on Church Street and lived in a rose-colored West Indian house which still stands, fragile and faded by time.

Three children were born to the couple, Elizabeth, Mary Brewton and Lucy; while they were growing up, great changes were taking place in the country. As tension steadily mounted between Great Britain and her American colonies, politics was the constant topic in Charles Town. Discussions between Whigs and Tories were heated, even violent, but there apparently was no realization of the nearness of the complete break. Life had never been gayer in the city that Lafayette called "the most beautiful in America." Families were large in those days, and kinfolk visited back and forth, staying for weeks at a time. Sometimes interesting visitors from Europe arrived, British who wished to observe the colonies at first hand, or Frenchmen who discussed art and literature or sketched to a nervous audience the new radical democratic theories of their countrymen.

The young Mottes had a plantation on the Congaree where they spent part of the year, from the beginning of November until early in May, breaking the time by trips to the town in the spring for balls, concerts and Race Week, which was the great event of the social season. The summer

and fall months in the lowlands brought the dreaded malaria, and so were always passed in Charles Town.

The demands on Rebecca were great. To be mistress of a plantation required great efficiency and a seeing eye. Mrs. Ravenel has written of these women, "All clothing for household and plantation was made under her supervision, spinning wheel and loom were directed; all meat was cured, fruits preserved and pickled, poultry yard and garden looked to, larder kept full, and all the wants of a constant and generous hospitality provided. In sickness and trouble the negroes looked to her. She dosed the sick, soothed the dying; scolded the idle and praised the industrious; taught the clumsy fingers to work and the savage tongues to speak; prayed and preached religion and morality; and often had more influence than the master himself." Besides, there was the incessant watch against disease, even in the city, where smallpox, yellow fever and cholera were always on the prowl.

Rebecca was well suited to her complicated and busy world. She was earnest, independent and highly energetic. Her portrait, probably an original by Jeremiah Theus, suggests a Puritan. Her blonde hair is drawn very severely back, only to fall in short curls behind, and she wears no jewels. In August, 1775, came the terrible news that her brother Miles Brewton with his wife and children had perished at sea. By his will Rebecca inherited the brick home on King Street which she and Miles had planned together and which held so many happy memories.

The Motte family moved into the house, but there was little time to enjoy it, for the Revolution was upon them and the destiny of Carolina was to be uncertain for many years. Rebecca was a convinced patriot and worked unceasingly for the success of the American cause. She at once called her plantation force to Charles Town to mend the fortifications which were being erected for its defense. "I have no son to send to war," she said, "so I must do all a woman can."

The British made two unsuccessful attempts to take Charles Town, but finally entered the city in the spring of 1781. The house of Rebecca, considered to be the handsomest in the city, was picked out as the headquarters of Sir Henry Clinton and his staff. Later Lord Rawdon took up his residence there. Two souvenirs of their stay were left behind, a British bayonet thrust through the Joshua Reynolds portrait of Miles Brewton, and an unflattering sketch of Sir Henry Clinton scratched over the fireplace mantel with the stone of a diamond ring.

A large table was moved into the long drawing room, and Rebecca was politely ordered to preside as their hostess at the dinners of the General and his staff. They showed her great courtesy and always referred to themselves as "her guests." Their attitude to her was an exception, for many Charles Town women and children were forcibly ejected from their homes, and in case of any resistance were dragged off to the filthy underground prison known as the Provost. In the country on the remote plantations there was wholesale robbery and often murder.

Rebecca acted with great dignity and was very careful about her remarks. Her first care, however, was for the safety of her daughters. Lucy and Mary Brewton were still very young, but Elizabeth was married to Major Thomas Pinckney, afterwards a General, and later Ambassador to Great Britain. She lived with her mother during the Revolution as her husband was constantly at the Front.

Little Mary Brewton had recently had a narrow escape from the British. She was visiting at the home of old Mrs. Pinckney when some drunken soldiers raided the place one evening and gave chase to her. She rushed into her hostess' room and the old lady, pushing her out of sight under her bed clothes, drew over the covers and insisted to the dazed British that there was absolutely no one in the room.

Rebecca decided to hide her girls in the garret which was

spacious, but with its low ceiling unspeakably hot during the long Charles Town summer. They were kept out of sight, and at night their old mauma would carry up trays of food. The British Staff probably suspected something was going on, but nothing could be done about it, as Rebecca carried the keys always with her, together with the keys to the wine cellar. Her husband, who had immediately volunteered for the American cause, had been killed early in the Revolution.

So discreet was Rebecca's conduct that the impression about Charles Town was that she had become benevolently neutral. Many of the patriot ladies wore deep mourning during the two and a half years of British occupation, but she did not, as it would have drawn too much attention to her and interfered with her well laid plans to aid the American cause.

With the defeat of General Gates at Camden, all formal resistance was at an end, and the only hope that remained was Francis Marion who kept intensifying his guerrilla warfare, and recruited from the Pee Dee to the Santee; his men were planters, farmers, and hunters, many of them Huguenots like himself; they idolized their little lame, black eyed leader who carried a rusty old sword, wore a charred leather skull cap and, like the soldiers of ancient Rome, drank only vinegar and water.

He organized his men in small groups and kept them hidden in the swamps and forests, training them at Snow Island in a morass, surrounded on all sides by a river and swamp-land. At times his men, who knew every inch of the rough wooded country, would scatter to their homes to guard their families against British raiders and see to their crops; then they would reunite again at their leader's order, and make some fresh foray on the British.

Marion's object was to keep roads and posts under such pressure that the British Commander, Lord Cornwallis, would have to weaken his main force to protect his convoys.

Through a long drawn chain of observers, Marion was kept informed of enemy moves. Thus, when Cornwallis' left wing moved over the border, it was caught in a neat trap by Campbell, Sevier and Shelby who wiped them out at King's Mountain. And when Colonel Tarleton's cavalry tried to head off Francis Marion, he led them into a swamp full of snakes and alligators where most of their horses perished.

Rebecca Motte was performing a great service during these days as an observer, and relay reporter of British movements. Francis Marion would often send negresses through the British lines with instructions for her sewed in their wide skirts. Apparently she was never suspected, and the services she was able to render were invaluable.

Marion's successes were like a shot in the arm to the patriot cause. Their drooping spirits revived and more and more recruits flocked to the colors. After the battle of Guilford Court House in North Carolina, Cornwallis retreated to the seacoast and turned north into Virginia, his forces depleted by the long struggle in the Carolinas. The constant forays of Marion's men had made it impossible for him to maintain his communications and thus the final attempt to conquer the South ended in failure.

In the fall of 1781, Rebecca obtained permission to go to her plantation on the Congaree. It lay on the direct line from Charles Town to Camden, which was one of the British military stations used in conveying supplies to the interior. On her arrival, she found that the enemy had thrown up earthworks around her house, "Fort Motte," which stood on a high hill a little to the right of the Charles Town road. They had surrounded it with a stockade and were guarding it closely. It was a well stocked farm to which the enemy soldiers helped themselves liberally.

Colonel Harry Lee of Virginia with his cavalry was cooperating with Francis Marion under the command of General Greene. Their forces came nearer and nearer, making their



Rebecca Brewton Motte, wife of Jacob Motte, Jr.

way through the swamps and wild wooded country until they surrounded Fort Motte, and captured one of the outlying forts. Mrs. Motte and her girls were sent to a small overseer's cabin outside of the stockade. The walls were weather-boarded, and between the inner and outer boarding she hid the few treasures she had carried with her, concealed about her person. The cottage was subsequently raided, and although the British soldiers tried the walls with bayonets, nothing was found.

There came the day when Francis Marion and Harry Lee called to see Rebecca, and were given a hearty welcome. Away from Charles Town she made no secret of where her sympathies lay. Lee felt that the only way to dislodge the British was to burn Fort Motte at once, but Marion hesitated to destroy the home of his old friend. However, when Rebecca heard their debate, she at once brought out three East Indian poison arrows which had been a gift to her brother Miles Brewton, many years before, and were remarkable in that they would burst into flame when they struck.

She ordered the finest marksman among her slaves to shoot them at the shingled roof. The boy, called Cuffe, was a great favorite with the family, had been brought to Carolina as a young child, and was said to be the son of an African Prince.

The roof was damp as it had been raining, and the first two arrows failed to ignite. Then the last was shot when the sun had dried the roof, and the flames burst out all over it. The British tried vainly to extinguish the fire, but Marion's riflemen picked them all off as they appeared on the roof. Major McPherson ran up the white flag and surrendered with his 165 men. The main body of the house was saved, and it was Rebecca's victory.

That night there was a celebration dinner in scarred and tattered Fort Motte at which not only Marion, Lee and their staffs were guests, but also Major McPherson and his offi-

cers. Their hostess had no bitterness, and remembered her courteous treatment in Charles Town at the hands of the British.

Peace came at last, and she found herself with greatly depleted finances. She had extended constant aid to friends during the long years of the Revolution, most of whom found it impossible to repay her. Resolutely she determined to start a new life as a business woman and dedicate herself to rice planting.

Her daughters were all happily married. Mary Brewton had become the wife of Colonel William Alston, one of Marion's gallant officers. In 1791 he had bought the Miles Brewton house from Rebecca and her sister Frances Pinckney. The couple had a large family, and the old home on King Street was gay for many years with children's voices. To be with them was one of Rebecca's greatest joys, not only because of the many memories of the past but because of her keen interest in her descendants.

She had built a new home for herself on a sandy knoll jutting out into the rice-fields, near where the Santee River empties into the ocean; near by was a church built by her husband Jacob Motte. This estate she shared with her son-in-law Thomas Pinckney, and her daughter Elizabeth. The place, called "Eldorado," was reminiscent of Thomas' European diplomatic posts, and built like a French château with a beautiful garden of Cape jessamine, magnolias and roses.

Here she devoted herself to the cultivation of rice. Her slaves had always been devoted to her, and she prided herself on their excellent health and their sanitary living quarters. They all felt that their mistress took a personal interest in their welfare, and they repaid her by their co-operation in her business plans.

Old letters tell of her success in marketing the hand-picked rice. In 1806 she writes to her family:

"Now I have told you all the news I know of, I will inform you about my crop. I have a better prospect of a good crop than I have ever had; there were more pains taken in planting; all my seed-rice was hand-picked; and if rice should be a good price next year, I shall pay all my debts, I hope. Five large ships arrived yesterday and today.

Your affectionate mother,
R. Motte"

She did pay off all her debts, and improved her rice fields for her children. In her old age she wore a high crowned, ruffled mobcap, a square white neck kerchief pinned down in front, tight elbow sleeves, black silk mittens on her hands and arms, a full skirt with a pocket, a silver chain from which hung a pincushion, scissors and keys. She continued to be cheerful and wise to the end, which came on January 10, 1815.

Her monument in old St. Philip's hardly gives a true picture. In the pious conventional phrases of ancient epitaphs she is praised as the "meek and pious Christian and the Spartan matron."

Pious she always was, but never meek, and "Spartan" is not the word to describe her placid unruffled attitude in dangerous crises. She was an independent and supremely well balanced person, with decided ideas, who enjoyed and made much of her life, living it to the full.

A little note from her plantation home to her beloved Mary Brewton shows her as an affectionate and understanding grandmother.

"Kiss your little girls for me and tell them I have nothing to send them on this island, but when I go to town I will send them some goodies by the schooner."

4

CAROLINA PATRIOT

EXCEPT FOR a miniature made when he was a very young man, no likeness is extant of Colonel Isaac Hayne. John Blake White painted an historical canvas, "The Martyrdom of Hayne," but this has long since disappeared. The miniature shows him to be about twenty-one or two years old, wearing a blue coat and white stock after the fashion of the well-dressed youths of the eighteenth century. His white powdered wig sets off his blue eyes and ruddy complexion, while his general appearance is that of a happy young extrovert who would have been an addition either to a hunting or a dancing party.

His cousin Abraham died of fever on a British prison ship at the beginning of the American Revolution, and a portrait of him, as well as one of his wife Susannah, are still in existence. She is a stern faced woman with strong features prematurely aged by the grim era in which she lived and suffered. Isaac and his wife had more gracious and less rigid personalities, and this impression is drawn from the accounts of their many admiring friends.

Isaac Hayne was born September 23, 1745 at his father's plantation in St. Paul's Parish south of Charles Town. The period preceding the Revolution was a prosperous one for planters, and they took great interest in internal improvements so that their produce might be conveyed as quickly as possible to the great city which was the only large centre in the country south of Philadelphia. All roads led to Charles

Town. Here local merchants bought the crops, or factors from English houses stored the rice and indigo until the regular sailing of the commercial fleets. The Low Country of South Carolina comprised about 11,000 square miles in which over 110,000 people lived just before the Revolution: of the free white population of the Low Country, rice and indigo planters made up about 70%, who in per capita wealth and income led all America. The Haynes had a small but prosperous plantation, and it speaks for Isaac's versatility that he went into partnership as a side venture with William Hill; together they founded Aetna Furnace in what was later York County, and after the outbreak of the Revolution had over 100 men working for them making tools and cannon.

Isaac served with the American troops as a captain of artillery, later as a colonel of militia. When the third attempt of the British to take Charles Town was successful in 1781, the citizens were treated with the utmost severity because of their stubborn resistance. Every man was considered a paroled prisoner of war, and commissioners of sequestration were appointed who were both rigid and ruthless with citizens' property. A system of parole was set up whereby former officers gave their word to fight no longer. Hayne took this oath, and was allowed to return to his family at his plantation.

The wealth of the American sympathizers proved too tempting to the British, and when, in spite of the surrender of Charles Town, resistance in the Province was as strong as ever, a wholesale confiscation set in. Mr. Cruden, the British chief in charge, picked himself a juicy plum with Colonel Pinckney's sumptuous estate and city house. His friends profited likewise. The slaves of many American sympathizers were shipped to the West Indies to be sold there for handsome prices, while the most prominent of the patriot leaders, men on parole, were dragged off to the dungeons of St. Augustine. Only persons taking the oath of allegiance were

allowed to carry on any industry or trade, or could collect debts and demand payment for goods.

When it became clear that the American Congress had no intention of abandoning the southern states, in spite of reverses in the North, the British abruptly announced that all paroles were revoked, and that it was necessary for everyone to take an active part in serving his Majesty's government, and that all who neglected to return to their allegiance would be considered rebels. Colonel Hayne was sent for to appear before the authorities at Charles Town, and was told that he must now swear allegiance to the Crown. At the same time he was assured that he would not have to fight against his fellow Americans.

Those were the days of epidemic scourges in Carolina, when yellow fever, smallpox and scarlet fever carried off whole families. The Low Country during the summer months was a dangerous place, and those who could would move to the city to escape the fevers. Elizabeth, Hayne's wife, and all his children came down with smallpox. One child died, another became dangerously ill, so in order to remain at home, Hayne signed the required petition but knew enough law to realize that it was an invalid promise of allegiance because his signature had been obtained under duress.

That there might exist no doubt in the matter, he left a letter with his friend Dr. Ramsay, the South Carolina historian, stating that the signature had been forced on him by necessity. He added: "I never will bear arms against my country; my masters can require no service of me, but what is enjoined by the old militia law of the Province." In other words, a fine could be substituted for personal services. "If my conduct should be censored by my countrymen, I beg that you will remember this conversation and bear witness for me that I do not mean to desert the cause of America."

Soon after this letter, Elizabeth Hayne died of smallpox, but the unhappy man was not left alone in his grief. An ur-

gent message was carried by a rider to Hayne's plantation. It was from the British Commander ordering him back to Charles Town and threatening him with imprisonment unless he joined the British forces at once.

Isaac Hayne made his decision. Considering that the British had broken their word to him, he felt that it released him from all further obligations and left him free to serve his country again. Raising a company of volunteers among his neighbors in St. Paul's Parish, he selected for his camp a spot on the east bank of the Combahee River, in an abandoned plantation house, whence he carried on a guerrilla warfare in and around Charles Town. His sentinels were posted at all the avenues leading to the place, and his scouts ranged freely out into the open country.

In a daring raid five miles outside the city, Hayne captured General Williamson. This especially irritated the British as Williamson possessed many of their military secrets. He originally had served in the American army, but being quite convinced that victory lay with the British, he changed over. Both sides knew him to be an unscrupulous man who was willing to sell all his secrets for a price.

Hayne had always been very well known and very popular in Charles Town. Because of his prestige, the news that he had taken up arms again for the Americans depressed the loyalists, and served to fan the flame of resistance among many patriot sympathizers. Every effort was made to apprehend the rebel. A company under Major Fraser, with the widely known "Mad Archy" Campbell as his assistant, was delegated to track him down and bring him back dead or alive.

Food was scarce in the American camp. A diet of jerked meat, biscuits and an occasional potato had to be supplemented by raids for fruit and vegetables on the nearby farms. For the most part, Hayne's fifty men were newly raised militia, as yet undisciplined and far from systematic in their mil-

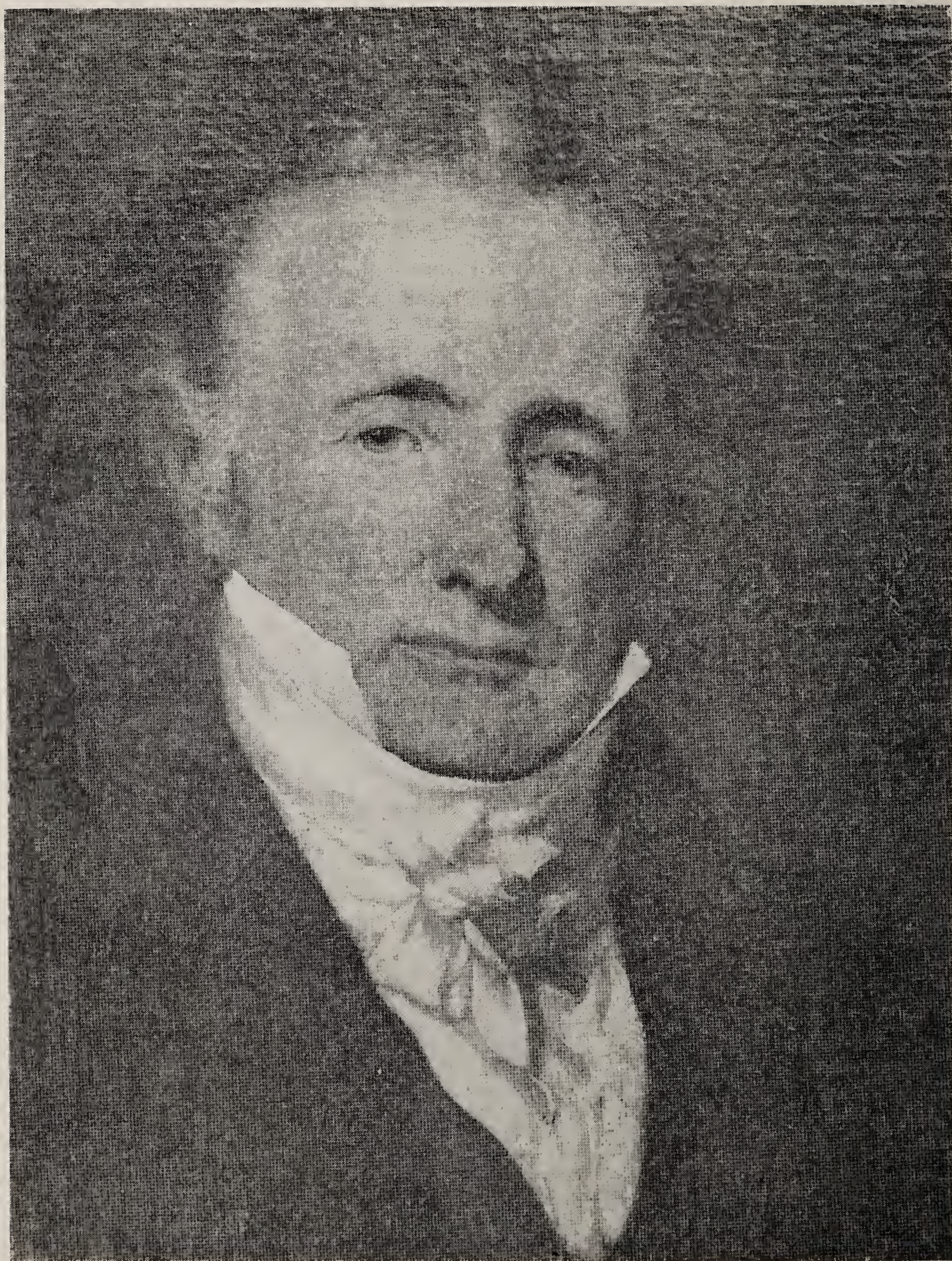
itary training. The sentinels loved to wander off from their posts to make raids on the many orchards in the nearby plantations which had been abandoned by their owners. This they did once too often. One report says that Hayne was a breakfast guest at a neighbor's house, and that his hostess betrayed him to the enemy. The other version is that it was in the afternoon that one of Hayne's sentinels, his rifle about twenty feet away as he picked fruit, saw horsemen in scarlet uniforms among the trees, speeding across the fields to his commander's camp. The alarm was given, and the men rushed for the causeway that led to the swamp and safety. They were hopelessly outnumbered.

The American riders approached the fence, but the causeway only permitted one horseman to pass at a time. A devoted friend of Isaac Hayne, Lieutenant McKelvey, was just behind him on a lighter horse. To enable him to go ahead, Hayne curbed his heavy black horse, "King Herod," while McKelvey cleared the barrier. Hayne's horse tripped before taking the fence, went over, but stumbled on a break in the rice dam and threw his rider. McKelvey jumped to his feet, trying desperately to defend his friend, but was cut down by two British dragoons, while "Mad Archy" Campbell dashed to the scene and made a prisoner of the bruised and semi-conscious Isaac Hayne.

They brought him to the damp dark underground Charles Town prison, known as the Provost, where he was not treated as a war prisoner but as a common criminal fugitive from justice. Commander Balfour, taking his ease in Miles Brewton's beautiful mansion, ordered a court martial for the prisoner. It was a complete farce. The witnesses were unsworn, and Hayne, constantly denying the jurisdiction of this court martial, was condemned to die a traitor's death. Lord Rawdon was at the time absent from Charles Town, but he gave full assent to the verdict of the irregular court, and had the responsibility of the final decision. Maddened by



Isaac Hayne, Carolina Patriot



Colonel William Alston, the Planter
Portrait by Thomas Sully

the stubborn resistance of the Southerners, and by the unrelenting and constant attacks of Marion's guerrilla forces, the British felt that an example should be made.

Lord Rawdon returned to Charles Town, and took up his residence at the Brewton house, where for days he was the stony faced receiver of petitions for the life of Colonel Hayne. Whigs and Tories, Americans and British, men and women, joined in begging for mercy. Loyalist gentlemen of Charles Town made fervent pleas. Isaac Hayne's sister in law, Mrs. Arthur Peronneau, conducted a small, black clothed boy, the oldest survivor of Hayne's children, into the great drawing room of the Brewton house; the child knelt sobbing before the British commander and implored him to spare Colonel Hayne's life. Lord Rawdon was after a definite revenge. Across the page of every petition presented to him, he leaned forward to scribble one name "André." He was full of bitterness to the end of his days over the capture and execution of Major André, the British spy. The last appeal was made by Lieutenant-Governor Bull, a loyal Tory but Hayne's devoted friend. He was suffering with a fatal disease, but he had his slaves carry him on a litter into the Brewton House to beg for mercy. Lord Rawdon stared at him insolently and said only "Remember André."

The military situation was becoming highly dangerous for the British. Francis Marion and Andrew Pickens drove closer and closer to Charles Town, while the American General Greene ordered Light Horse Harry Lee and his men to the very gates of the city. The Carolina countryside was in a state of chaos. From the time of the surrender of Charles Town, all public education ended, and soon afterwards all public worship was discontinued. Most of the churches were either burned or converted into store depots or stables for the British. In these country districts, burnings of houses, murder and rape were daily occurrences. The brutal fate of Hayne, like the German atrocities in the World Wars, had

the opposite effect from that expected by the authorities. Charles Town was not only horrified but united in the realization that there must be a supreme effort.

The prisoner was taken from the vaults of the Provost, conducted upstairs to the northeast chamber, and granted a short stay of execution to say goodbye to his friends. He still expected that he would die the death of a soldier by shooting. "Mad Archy" Campbell, when he learned that Hayne was to hang, made the comment, "Had I known that this gallant person would have to die such a shameful death, I would have slain him with my own hands."

Hayne's friend, Dr. David Ramsay, has left a record of his last moments. Attended by a clergyman, Dr. Cooper, Isaac Hayne came up out of the loathsome underground dungeon into the autumn sunshine. He walked under heavy guard through the Town Gates in King Street, and only then he saw the gallows, and realized he was to be hanged. He flushed with disappointment but said nothing, and ascended the cart without aid. Drawing the cap over his face, he gave the signal to the hangman.

Crowds witnessed his execution, but there were no old Charlestonians among them, only hundreds of British soldiers and Hessian mercenaries. The citizens were in their homes and had drawn down every shutter in mournful respect. When he was passing the Hayne home at the corner of Meeting and Atlantic Streets, his faithful sister-in-law, Mrs. Arthur Peronneau, called down to him from her balcony, "Come back to us." He looked up quickly and smiled, calling to her, "I will—if I can." It was whispered about Charles Town for years afterwards that a sound of steps was often heard at night on the stairway of the Hayne home. They marched up and up and up, and never returned.

His will was probated nearly two years later. "In the first place I recommend my immortal soul to Almighty God who gave it, beseeching his most gracious acceptance of it

through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ who I trust will not reject me a Penitent Sinner." He says of his young family, "No cost must be spared in the children's education."

His killing was denounced in London at a session of the House of Lords by the Duke of Richmond. He declared it to be an unjustified and brutal murder, and finally retracted this statement only when Lord Rawdon challenged him to a duel. However, the shock created by the hanging of this beloved and highminded Charlestonian caused a terrible revulsion against the British that definitely turned the fortunes of war. The American leaders realized that if captured they would all share the fate of Colonel Hayne, and as a result of their desperate efforts the Revolution triumphed completely in the Province of South Carolina.

Franklin Brevard Hayne of New Orleans delivered an address on the occasion of the unveiling of the monument to Colonel Isaac Hayne, erected by the State of South Carolina at the family burying ground at Hayne Hall, in Jacksonboro County, near Walterboro, S. C. The Hayne Family Reunion was held in Charleston, S. C. in 1930.

5

THE PLANTER

COLONEL WILLIAM ALSTON, called by Washington Irving "that greatest of all Southern planters," whose estate of Clifton was likened to Fairyland by George Washington, was born in 1756. Thomas Sully painted his portrait when he was approaching old age. His face is characteristically British, oval in shape, with a fine high forehead. His ruddy complexion is that of one who had lived most of his life in the open air. His capable long-fingered hands are folded, and his expression is one of repose and satisfaction for a life that had granted every desire. If there is no "divine discontent" or restless striving in the face, such is the penalty of too much prosperity. He lived in the best of all possible worlds, and his imagination did not go beyond it. He was not a man to look over the garden wall.

The Revolution broke out when he was a very young man, which put an end to the family's plan to have him complete his education in England. Taking service as a captain under the "Swamp Fox," Francis Marion, he saw years of high adventure in guerrilla warfare. To Francis Marion goes the credit for breaking the power of the British in the Carolinas. His headquarters were in the swamplands that lay for eighty miles along the Santee; and on the low islands in the morass he trained his fighting men, all of whom had one thing in common, that they were practically born on horseback. They never burdened themselves with booty, but would hit

violently, destroy convoys, kill as many of the enemy as possible, and then scatter in all directions. The dense forests of live oaks and the vast pinewoods were their home, and it was impossible to follow them. Little by little, they shattered the backbone of British defense in the South.

The times were rugged in those Carolina days, where the widely isolated plantations lay completely defenseless; any property belonging to American sympathizers was usually confiscated, treasures stolen, and most of the country houses were burned. Atrocities were constant on both sides, but probably the British were a little more guilty. Stock was carried off, and proprietors who offered any resistance were strung up. In the hill country in the northern part of the state, conditions were worst of all. Neighbor slaughtered neighbor, Tory and patriot showed no mercy, and the cruelty of Tarleton and Wemyss served to unite the small farmers of the hills and the planters of the low country in a common defense against the British Crown. Francis Marion was aided by General Sumter and his horsemen who fell upon Lord Cornwallis in the North, so weakening him that he was unable to move up to Virginia at a time when he could have crushed General Washington. When he finally did advance, he was easily demolished at Yorktown, thus concluding the battles of the Revolution.

In such adventures William Alston of Clifton passed the years of early manhood, and to the day he died, he delighted to recall the hazardous and glamorous campaigns with the "Swamp Fox."

His love of the soil was increased by his struggle to retain it for his countrymen. The war over, he became a rice planter and to its cultivation he devoted the 1400 acres on the Waccamaw, which his father had willed him, together with two other fine plantations. Immediately after the Revolution, a new method was adopted in the rice industry. Rice

was formerly grown only in swamps, but it was now possible to flood the fields of rice by fresh water river streams backed up and drained off by the tides.

In 1787 Jonathan Lucas erected his first water driven mill on the Santee River; this was soon followed by others. They were run continuously by incoming and outgoing tides, and the rice, of infinitely better quality than before, brought wealth to the Carolina Low Country. William Alston was one of the pioneers in this industry. Ever greater prosperity came to him, and everything this shrewd and intelligent planter touched turned to money.

William's first wife was the daughter of General Ashe, after whom Asheville, North Carolina, was named. After her death, he was left alone with five children, and he then married Rebecca Motte's daughter, the lovely Mary Brewton. In 1791 he bought from his mother-in-law the old Brewton house on King Street that Miles Brewton had built, where Mary had spent so many happy years of her youth.

There are two portraits of Mary Brewton; in one, painted by Savage, she is a young woman of twenty two, while the other by Sully shows her approaching old age, in a bonnet and shawl. The strenuous responsibilities of the mistress of a town house and plantations, the duties of an earnest and conscientious mother, raising not only seven children of her own, but also five stepchildren, had subdued the gaiety and high spirits of her youth, and turned her into a gentle and quiet homemaker with no interests of her own except her garden in King Street. The old gardeners' book she consulted about planting and sowing still exists. In February seeds of artichokes, fennel and marigold were planted. In May she gathered pot herbs, mint, balm, sage and thyme for drying. In June came the summer pruning of fruit trees. In September, "at the new moon," she sowed wallflowers, carnations and stock, and in October came a general cleaning up of the garden, putting it in order for winter. She recommends to

all planters' wives the cultivation of a garden in the country, and goes into ecstasies over her hedges of red and white roses, mingled with jessamine vines and woodbines which she had created in her plantation home on the Waccamaw.

The year of her marriage to Colonel Alston, in the spring of 1791, her husband's old friend, George Washington, made a trip to Carolina and visited their plantation of Clifton. The President arrived in a handsome carriage with four horses and with outriders, while his favorite steed was led behind so that he might occasionally exercise. The Clifton house stood among great trees on a hill overlooking the river, with the fields spreading far below.

The young rice was in the most perfect cultivation, irrigated by innumerable ditches running down to the red soil of the banks of the Waccamaw. Washington was delighted, and told Mary Brewton that it was all "like Fairyland." He and his host passed a long happy evening discussing the two topics dearest to their hearts—their memories of their fighting days and the agriculture of their young country.

"Never in all the world," said George Washington afterwards to Governor Pinckney, "did I imagine there existed such a perfection of cultivation." To another friend he remarked that Colonel Alston's hospitality was "truly Virginian."

The Alstons spent part of the year at the plantation, and part in town at the Brewton house. Charleston, Charles Town no longer, was rising from the ashes of the Revolution. The enemy had gone, but not only the town but most of the great plantations were left in ruins. The paper money was worthless, and more than 24,000 slaves had been carried off to the West Indies by the British. The rice fields were overgrown with grass, and the indigo vats had been destroyed. However, every citizen bent with enthusiasm to the task of building up their new republic, and never had there been such optimism and such energy.

The Legislature of South Carolina hastened to help by issuing bills of credit and lending them to the citizens. They were secured by mortgages on silver plate or on real property; this paper money was accepted by merchants on a par with gold and silver. When in 1787, the Constitution was adopted, the Federal Government agreed to repay the States practically all their advances for the Revolution, and as South Carolina had practically paid all her own expenses, she was awarded as compensation \$1,447,173, a sum large enough in those times to revive her trade and her agriculture.

The new cultivation of rice by the "tidewater" or "wet" method brought almost instant success to the planters in that industry. The growth of cotton was started in Georgia and spread to South Carolina, where it was found to be more profitable than indigo. By the time George Washington visited them, Carolinians were enjoying much of their pre-war prosperity.

Columbia was the new state capital, but the old system of voting was retained whereby with the continued domination of the Low Country planters, Charleston still remained the only important centre. It was a city-state, sufficient unto itself, with excellent newspapers, a good public library, several well patronized bookshops, a famous dancing assembly and a race-course. Local barges shuttled back and forth with their rice cargoes between plantation landings on the Waccamaw to the port of Charleston. The love of the land had caused many of the former merchants to turn planters and retire to the country for the greater part of the year. Post-Revolution traders were British or Scotch, newly arrived from overseas, who devoted themselves to commercial business and kept very much to themselves. Wharves and mercantile streets were situated in the middle of the town, while the handsome residences of white, pink or lavender stucco fronted on the Bay and were half hidden by palmettos, olive or fig trees. There was a fragrance of many flowers in the

air, of camellias, roses and azaleas. It was the Golden Age of South Carolina's agrarian culture when men created gardens that were the embodiment of artists' dreams.

George Washington's reception in Charleston has gone down in history. Never had there been such breakfasts, concerts, dinners and balls, and many are the souvenirs that are treasured relics of the Father of his country. He spoke with enthusiasm of the visit, but must have returned in a state of complete exhaustion.

The old custom of raising fine horses continued in South Carolina, and the February races in Charleston constituted the social event of the year. The delight in horse racing was shared by all classes in the community. Schools were dismissed, and the judges adjourned the courts to see the fun. Every planter arrived in time for race week, for that was the time when the rice crops were sold and an accounting with the factors had to be made. There were reunions of friends from all over the state, and the races were climaxed by the Race Ball which ended the carnival.

Old Charleston newspapers make many references to Colonel Alston's racers. Among the horses he owned was "Great Plenipo," presented to President Washington by the King of Spain.

For a Carolinian, he had small interest in politics. Because of his old friendship with Thomas Jefferson, he was a member of the State Senate, and acted as one of the Republican electors of President and Vice President during the contest between Jefferson and Adams.

His oldest son, Joseph, had married Aaron Burr's daughter Theodosia and brought her to Carolina, where they resided at the latter's plantation of the Oaks. Her background had been too unconventional, and she was too independent a young woman to adjust herself to life in the Alston family. She was a free thinker, had little respect for tradition, and never felt well in the Southern climate. After her little son

died of "country fever" on the plantation, her state of health became so alarming that she set sail for New York to visit her "guardian angel" as she called her doting father. Ship and passengers were never heard from again.

As she went down the pier to embark on the ill fated "Patriot," Theodosia, strangely affectionate, turned to say farewell to her long suffering hostess and mother-in-law, of whom she had been very critical. To Aaron Burr's sophisticated daughter, a simple good woman who had gone about her duty in life, without much imagination perhaps, and without much learning, was dull beyond her comprehension. Folding her in her arms, Theodosia took off the Paisley shawl she was wearing and wrapped it about the elderly lady's shoulders. This is the shawl that appears in the Sully painting of Mary Brewton Alston.

Poor neurotic Theodosia had written once to her father, "We travel in company with the two Alstons. Pray teach me how to write two ts without producing something like an Ass." It is not clear whether she meant her husband and Colonel Alston or her parents-in-law. The bitterness always latent in her because of her father's misfortunes made her resent the placid, too prosperous life of her new relatives, who did not speak her language.

However, Joseph Alston, her husband, who was derided by the Burrs' New York friends as a stupid young roué married for his money, became a very able Governor of South Carolina. And in the pathetic letter Theodosia wrote him in 1805 which was only to be opened in case of her death, she writes of her father, "Do not be unkind to him whom I have loved so much. Adieu, friend of my heart, may Heaven prosper you, and may we meet hereafter. Least of all should I murmur—whose days have been numbered by bounties, who have had such a husband, such a child, such a father."

A letter from Thomas Jefferson, dated at Monticello, October 6, 1818, speaks of the happy reunion he had enjoyed with

Colonel Alston at Warm Springs, Virginia, and tells of having sent off to his friend a box of fine new wines from France and Italy. He expresses sympathy for Colonel Alston's recent fall from his horse, and recommends to him for an autumn trip a tour of the upper and lower valley of the Blue Ridge Mountains. He concludes with the hope of seeing his friend as a guest in Monticello. Alston and Jefferson were very congenial though temperamentally they were different. In spite of the former's conservatism, he was never intolerant and the two friends shared a passion for the soil, for horses, and for country life.

Alston's later years fulfilled Shakespeare's ideal, in that they brought him "all that should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." Mary Brewton was busy with household tasks to the last, sewing "red flannel shirts" and sending baskets of rice to needy neighbors. After her death in 1838, the old Colonel enjoyed the devoted care of his daughter, Mary Motte Pringle, whose family made their home with him; she was given the Brewton house by his will.

William Alston's daughter Rebecca Brewton was outstanding for her keen intelligence. In those days she was called "strong minded," which was enough to condemn a woman to spinsterhood. In many ways she resembled her grandmother Rebecca Motte, with whom she had spent much time and who always remained her ideal. "Brewton" did not marry until she was almost thirty but she made an excellent choice. One of the most brilliant young men in the South, Robert Hayne, became her husband. William Alston followed his son in law's interesting career with keen delight. Attorney General of the State in 1817 when he was twenty six, Hayne was United States Senator from South Carolina. The Webster-Hayne debates electrified Washington and at the same time showed clearly the sharp divisions of thought in the two sections of the country. Hayne was Governor of South Carolina

during the desperate nullification situation in 1832 which almost led to Civil War at that time.

The Haynes lived in a large white house across the street from the Brewton house, and Rebecca often came to chat with her father about her colorful experiences. The old Colonel's sight had almost failed, but he loved to wander about the exotic garden, usually guided by one of his many grandchildren. He passed hours sitting in an easy chair under Pride of India trees in the Charleston sunshine.

His life was without care, and gentle voices talked to him of the past. Best of all, he enjoyed his evenings in the drawing room, alive with so many memories. Before bedtime came when he helped a favorite little granddaughter wind up the ancient clock, he would tell stories of the years when, with Francis Marion, he lived in the trackless forests like one of Robin Hood's men. He would relate to the wide eyed grandchildren how, after a successful raid, he would ride with his comrades to the plantation of some patriot sympathizer, dance all evening with the young ladies to the merry tunes of the Negroes' fiddles, and sometimes have to slip away suddenly when one of Marion's watchmen sounded the warning cry of the screech owl or the whippoorwill.

When he died in 1839, and was buried in the family cemetery of "The Oaks" plantation, his slaves mourned him very deeply. Without any preaching, he had treated them with fairness and consideration, and he had been to them a model of all that was honorable and fine. They had worked for him to the best of their ability and rejoiced or grieved with "Old Mausa" through the many years of his long life. He never stated his opinion of slavery, but, unlike his friend Jefferson, probably looked on it as a permanent system. It is doubtful if he realized the nearness of the coming storm that would shatter forever the world he knew. As the greatest slaveholder, possibly with one exception, in South Carolina, he was conscious of no wrong. His "people" were his responsibility, and they always looked on him as a friend and a kindly father.

6

THE SENATOR

ROBERT HAYNE took part in national affairs at a time of intense factional bitterness, when men in public life reviled one another and cherished violent political hatreds. As the defender of an unpopular cause, and as a statesman in a conflict that almost split the nation apart in the generation before the Confederate War, he retained the admiration and affection of his opponents. Thus Daniel Webster, accompanied by his wife, attended the Haynes' suppers in Washington and likened these Sunday night gatherings to the salons of the Old World. Andrew Jackson abused Hayne with virulence during nullification days, and yet when the crisis had passed, invited him to be his house-guest at the Hermitage. Senator Hayne was a brilliant man in an era of extremely brilliant public men, but with that reputation there has survived through the mists of time the memory of his gracious, kindly spirit.

The Hayne family originally came from Shropshire, near Shrewsbury, England, where it is known that they had lived in their manor house for four hundred years. The first member of the family to emigrate to the New World was John Hayne, who sailed to South Carolina Province in 1700, and settled in Colleton County. Here he established the family plantation in St. Paul's Parish, where John's great grandson Robert Young was born November 10, 1791. He was the fifth of the fourteen children of William Hayne and his French Huguenot wife Elizabeth Peronneau. He was entrusted to

the care of his widowed maternal aunt, Mrs. Robert Young, after whose husband he had been named, and made his home for nine years at her plantation at Beaufort.

His sister Anna in a memorandum of her childhood, writes that she, Robert and two other brothers were brought up by "Grandmother," which undoubtedly refers to Mrs. Peronneau, the mother of Mrs. Young. Grandmother and Auntie probably took on the four children in order to lift some of the load from Elizabeth Hayne's shoulders. That left her with only ten children to care for, which was all that she could manage. They were far from being a wealthy family, and they had very few slaves.

Anna Hayne writes that Grandmother went out only to attend church. The Peronneaus were among the few Huguenot families who never joined the Church of England. Says Anna: "Our early youth was so retired, and monotonous, that it was only remarkable for our being happier, and more affectionate than that of others." The French Huguenot grandmother had the children's complete devotion. "We were always at ease in her presence, she viewed with complacency all our pleasures, and entered into our feelings." Robert always loved the out of doors and all kinds of sports, and it was a sad day when the little nine year old had to exchange the freedom of the plantation, and the carefree family circle to enter a Charleston boarding school.

He became a pupil at Mr. Mason's English school on Trott Street, where, according to the advertisement "instruction in dancing, music and in the French language may be had in addition to the usual school exercises." Later, he attended Dr. John Smith's school, Doctor Smith being a classical scholar of some distinction. Robert was a gentle, serious child with rather irregular features and very gray eyes. His face in repose was not remarkable, but when he was fired by his frequent enthusiasms, he became so eager and keenly alive that one could not forget him. He has described himself as an

awkward, stammering boy, whose one wish was to be a lawyer, and who determined to conquer his stuttering as did Demosthenes. He was finally successful because of his rigid self control, enunciating each sentence slowly and distinctly, before rushing on to another thought. After several years of training, a fluent power of oratory came to him, but throughout his whole life he could not speak rapidly or the stammering would recur.

Five generations have passed since Robert Hayne's time, and in every one of them the boys, but never the girls, stutter when they are nervously tired.

He realized that there was no question of a college education, but he determined to build a career by his own efforts. At eighteen he was in Charleston, studying law in the office of Hon. Langdon Cheves; his vacations were passed at his father Captain Hayne's plantation, where he would tramp through the thick live-oak forests or wander through the pine woods and the great savannahs bordering the rivers. He would pore over hair-raising stories like Lewis' "The Monk" or Plutarch's "Lives," and he could quote Shakespeare better than any young man of the South. There were few books in those days, but to a reader they were treasures and a precious part of daily life.

At the age of twenty-one he was admitted to the Bar. His sister Anna recalls his visits to their home in those days. Captain Hayne was always a Democratic-Republican, or what would now be termed a member of the Democratic party. The conservative, pro-British, pro-Tory party of the time were the former Federalists, who became Federal Republicans in the War of 1812 and were later known as National Republicans. They had always desired a completely centralized government.

Robert's naive and somewhat priggish little sister would sit in rapt attention as father and son would extol the political philosophy of Thomas Jefferson with its emphasis on states'

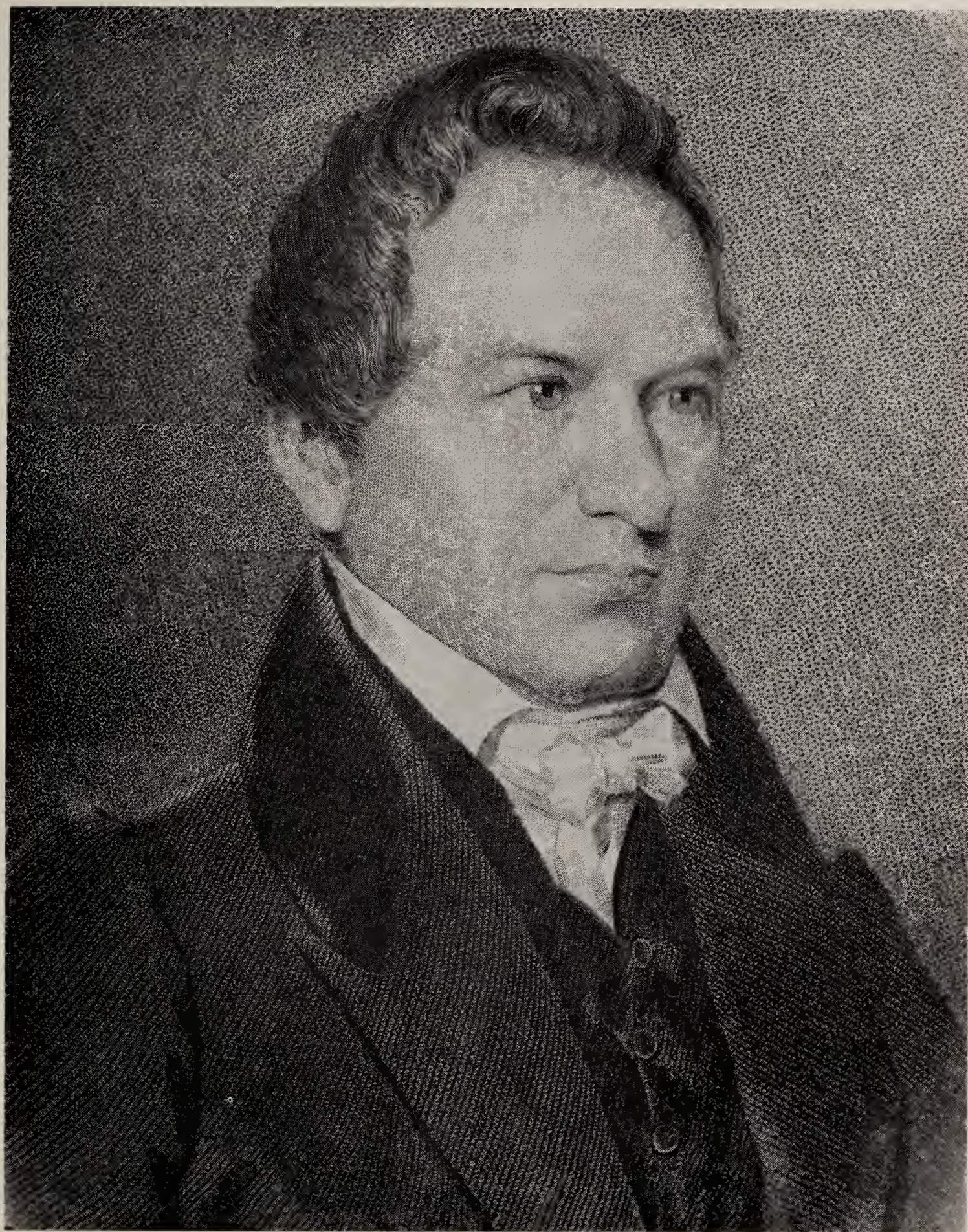
rights and individual liberty. Says Anna: "As standing by our father's knee I listened to their animated conversations, I wondered that all were not Republicans, and certainly would have mourned over any relative of mine who had been a Federalist."

The majority of the people of South Carolina after the Revolution were anti-Federalists or Republicans, the party which is today that of the Democrats. Its main strength lay in the country districts, among the farmers, but it was supported in Charleston by the rapidly growing class of mechanics and tradesmen, and found a few strong leaders among a minority of the wealthy planters. Their outstanding man was Charles Pinckney, a cousin of the ultra-conservative Charles Cotesworth and Thomas Pinckney, who was four times elected Governor of the State, and who later became the father-in-law of Robert Hayne.

Langdon Cheves had to give up his Charleston law business because of his election as United States Senator, and shortly afterwards on the death of his partner, young Robert Hayne succeeded to their very large and lucrative practice. He was always accurate in his presentation of facts, extremely courteous to his adversaries, and made a very pleasing impression on both judges and juries. His work had been so thoroughly prepared that he became known as a leader of the Bar, and his pleading, when he had overcome his stuttering, was convincing and eloquent.

In the War of 1812, Robert raised and became captain of an efficient company of militia, trained recruits at camp, and deeply regretted he could not go to the Front, as did his brother Arthur, who was Jackson's aide at the battle of New Orleans. In 1814, Robert married Frances Pinckney, Charles' daughter, by whom he had three children.

Little is known of this marriage. There is extant a poem in which he sings the praises of his first-born Robert, and pays a tribute to the young mother. Sometimes he attempted to



Robert Young Hayne, the Senator
Steel engraving by James Longacre, 1840,
from his original drawing from life, 1830



Rebecca Brewton Alston, wife of the Senator

write poetry, which certainly was not his field. It was the custom of his day to compose verses on public and private occasions; with few exceptions such poetry was insipid and bad.

About the time he became a lawyer, Robert joined with a group of Charlestonians in writing a series of essays entitled "The Traveler," for the *Times* newspaper. They were to be written in the style of Addison's Spectator papers, and were to portray in satirical style the contemporary life of the city. The project was abandoned after the publication of a few numbers. Hayne's contributions described wine drinking parties, education, jealousy, charity, the coquette, balls and teas, etc. Most of them are platitudinous, filled with many classic quotations and self-righteous criticism.

The essay on the "Wine parties of Charleston," however, is very amusing. Hayne states that the riotous picture he presents was of a past time in the city's history and that "the coloring was too bright for the present day."

The party gathers, the wine goes briskly round and round, until the signal is given to turn the glasses down:

"I was once asked by an East India merchant if this was not a religious ceremony similar to the libations that the Greeks and Romans used formerly to pour out before a feast to Jupiter or some other God. 'Whenever,' said he, 'I see that ceremony performed, I observe the features of the Company to be lighted up with expressions of rapturous delight, which I am sure nothing but religious enthusiasm could excite.' I was ashamed to undeceive him and evaded the question."

Then follow the efforts of various members to break into song, each shouting lustily his favorite drinking ballad. One of the boys takes his seat on the table as the God Bacchus, and his friends bow to him and pour a pint of wine down his throat. Each comrade takes his turn impersonating Bacchus, and this usually ends in the breaking of bottles, and violent quarrels, threats of duels, etc.

The evening wears on, peace is more or less established, and someone suggests that they leave the room with its broken decanters and tumblers and sally into town for "a row."

"This means," says Hayne, "that they amuse themselves disturbing the peace of the citizens, breaking lamps, twisting off knockers, fighting with the guard." And then "they stagger home with broken heads and bloody noses to sleep off the fumes of the liquor. They rise next day at noon, and for a week are the slaves of ennui till another Wine party and another 'row' urges them to action."

Hayne assures us that the youth of Charleston have really reformed, but that five years before his picture was completely accurate.

This delightful essay ends with the worthy sentiment that "as we have commenced the good work of reformation, I hope we may go on improving until at length we may be disposed freely to give up the rude carousal for the Feast of reason and the flow of soul."

Young Hayne's increasing fame as a speaker brought new honors; he was now a member of the State Legislature and unexpectedly received the appointment of Speaker of the House, for which he prepared himself by sitting up all night mastering Jefferson's *Manual of Parliamentary Law*. So excellent was his memory that he presided the next day without a single mistake, and none of his decisions was ever reversed.

Paul Hayne, his poet nephew, has written his uncle's biography, and not only he, but Robert's favorite sister Susan McCall hints at a tragedy in his private life at this time. "When . . . every energy and every endowment he possessed should have been untrammelled, domestic cares and embarrassments crowded upon him. Of their precise nature, excepting indeed the failure of his wife's health, we are unable to speak." Paul Hayne notes also the maturing effect of trouble on the young man, and his sister Susan praises his self-

control, his patience and the human understanding he had developed because of what he had suffered.

Frances Hayne died in 1818, and her two sons passed away in early manhood. Robert, the older, was sent to school in Northampton, Massachusetts, and was tutored in Washington. From several letters written to him by his father, he seems to have been a painfully shy youth who shrank from making friendships, and his father pleads with him to overcome this bashfulness which could ruin his life if not corrected.

The daughter Frances outlived her brothers, married a planter of Pendleton by the name of Elam Sharpe and later moved away from South Carolina. Hayne's brother-in-law Henry Pinckney, an ardent Democratic-Republican, was always a devoted friend throughout his life. Whatever the tragedy of the marriage may have been, it is lost to history.

Two years after his wife's death, Robert married Rebecca Brewton Alston, the daughter of Colonel William Alston, and the marriage proved an unusually happy one. She was about twenty-nine, and was a woman of charm and intelligence, who had chosen to wait until she could find a congenial husband. In the large Alston family of brothers and sisters, they used to joke about Rebecca being destined to die an old maid because she was so very particular. No letters between the husband and wife are extant, but many of the books remain which he gave her in their courting days. The subjects range from Pope's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* and Addison's *Spectator* Papers to the poems of Lord Byron and Walter Scott, and *The Duties of Women*. Evidently Robert Hayne realized that books were her favorite gift. Brewton, as he always called her, read them all, and was considered quite a blue stocking in Charleston society.

The year after their marriage Hayne was elected to serve his state in the United States Senate. While his first assignment

in Washington was his Chairmanship of the standing Committee on Naval Affairs, his name soon became known as a strong opponent of the series of protective tariffs which were sapping the vitality of the South; he referred to the high tariff policy as "a mammoth system of injustice and oppression."

The theory of Hayne's party, the Democratic-Republicans, was that Congress had power to impose duties on imports from abroad, but for the purpose of revenue only, and not to favor the manufacturing industries in one region to the loss of another section of the country. The South had even gone so far as to agree to a moderate duty in 1816 for the protection of infant industries, but each successive tariff brought a higher rate of duty.

South Carolina was an exporting state. Her staples were shipped to Europe, and her economical existence was dependent on her power to exchange them for manufactured goods from abroad. However, all went fairly well in the state until about 1825 when there began a steady decline. The excessive planting of cotton and the mild climate of Carolina winters caused soil erosion. Other Southern states, Alabama and Mississippi, discovered that they too could raise cotton. Many Carolinians abandoned the exhausted soil and settled elsewhere when in the state the price slumped from 25 cents in 1825 to less than half as much the following year. In 1828 the new tariff again raised the import duties, whereby the prosperity of the manufacturing New England states visibly increased. The duty on imported goods sometimes amounted to 100 percent, and the leaders of the state became convinced that its interests were being sacrificed by Congress to fill the pockets of the manufacturers up North.

It was in vain that Carolinians boycotted states that advocated protection. Wagon drivers from Kentucky had to return home with their bacon and mules unsold, while South-

ern senators in Washington appeared on the floor of Congress clad in homespun instead of broadcloth.

There was a very serious slave insurrection in 1822, when Denmark Vesey, a free negro, organized a plot which was betrayed to the authorities at the last moment by a friendly slave. The plan had been to kill the white men of Charleston, rape the women and then sail away to Santo Domingo. Robert Hayne was in charge of the troops the night of the expected outbreak, but the conspirators were arrested and there was no rioting. The majority of the slaves knew nothing of the plot.

Hayne's attitude to slavery was always far more qualified than Calhoun's absolute indorsement of it. In 1818, he opposed in the Legislature the repeal of an act prohibiting any more Negroes from coming in. Later, he opposed in the Senate the United States taking part in the Pan American Congress at Panama because they would have to deal with the Negro republic of Haiti. He felt that slavery was essential to the prosperity and existence of the Southern states, yet in 1827 he declared that "time would settle the matter, and that slave labor must give way and cease to be profitable when it came into competition with free labor." In his debate with Daniel Webster he said: "We will not look back to inquire whether our fathers were guiltless in introducing slaves into this country. If an inquiry should ever be instituted in these matters, however, it will be found that the profits of the slave trade were not confined to the south. Southern ships and southern sailors were not the instruments of bringing slaves to the shores of America, nor did our merchants reap the profits of that 'accursed traffic.'" And later when he was Governor of South Carolina in 1833, he called attention to the abuses of the slave system. "Some barbarous punishments, and especially that of branding, still disgrace our statute books." His clear, practical mind showed him that sooner or later slavery

was sure to disappear, and thereby turn the southern world into chaos.

The "Tariff of Abominations" that passed in 1828 was furiously resented in South Carolina, but in spite of wild talk its citizens waited for the victory of Andrew Jackson in the presidential polls, confident that as one born in the South, he would understand their position. During this summer, John Calhoun, the then Vice President, who had been a loose constructionist of the Constitution in early political life, came over to an anti-tariff policy realizing that the future of his state was absolutely dependent on it. In his "Exposition and Protest" against the tariff, he declared the right of a state to nullify an Act of Congress, as the Union was a compact between sovereign states. He at once took his place as leader of the anti-tariff forces, and in his stately summer home at Fort Hill, Pendleton, South Carolina, he listened to and hotly sympathized with his indignant countrymen.

The election of Andrew Jackson as President represented an alliance between the South, New York and Pennsylvania. These three elements held such divergent views on the tariff that they could not possibly hold together for long. Calhoun's friends had supported Jackson in the hope that their favorite would run for President in 1832, and receive the support of Jackson's men.

The crowds from the farms and villages that swarmed into Washington to see "their President" inaugurated were ushering in a new era in American political life. It has been said that Jackson's party "represented the people without restriction and with all the faults of the people." Democracy had triumphed, Henry Clay was in disgrace, and the retiring President, John Quincy Adams, was too full of bitterness to show his face. Never had such swarms of people been seen in the capital, and as Jackson came out of Gadsby's Tavern on that memorable inauguration morning, veterans of the American Revolution pressed around him with their greetings, after

which he moved bareheaded and on foot towards the Capitol, the soldiers forcing a passage through the frantically shouting mobs of admirers.

The official party passed through the rotunda to the east portico of the Capitol; Jackson's devoted friends and future members of his Cabinet surrounded him. Robert Hayne, dressed in coarse homespun as a protest against the new Tariff, stood in the group, with Rebecca Brewton on his arm. She wore a very wide-skirted blue gown with a feathered bonnet. Together they watched "Old Hickory" bow to the people, and heard the roar of applause with which he was greeted. No longer could caucuses of aristocratic statesmen select a President; the United States had become a Democracy. Andrew Jackson invited 20,000 guests to the White House for refreshments after his inauguration; 50,000 appeared.

Although Washington was only a straggling small town of 20,000 inhabitants, its social life was gay and strenuous. Houses could be rented for as little as \$300 a year; for \$800 a mansion could be obtained. If one lived in a leading hotel, the prices were \$1.75 a day, \$10 a week, or \$35 a month. Claude Bowers writes of this period: "The Southerners, bringing their slaves with them, or buying them in the slave market at Alexandria, were able to entertain with a lavish display which set the pace socially and made the Southern dominance easy."

Many parties were given in honor of distinguished diplomats or foreign visitors. The new dance, known as the waltz, and the new refreshment, ice cream, added to the joy of such occasions. In the late afternoon there were receptions at the great houses where one witnessed a curious intermingling of fashionable women in imported models, rough frontiersmen with their frowzy wives and members of the diplomatic corps. Almost every evening there was a ball that lasted until the dawn. Washington was a pioneer capital, where the spar-

kling conversation of some of the brightest people in the country could not obscure the fact that the roads were frightful, the sanitation equally so, and malaria and other fevers were rampant. "This city is never healthy," wrote Robert Hayne to his sister Sue McCall.

In January, 1830, Senator Benton of Missouri attacked a resolution which had been introduced by Senator Foot of Connecticut to restrict the sale of public lands in the West. He claimed this was an attempt by New England to restrict immigration to the West. Robert Hayne was then drawn automatically into the conflict, as the more he worried over the dim political future of the South, the more he felt that the only solution must be an alliance of defense between the Southern and Western States. On January nineteenth he declared on the floor of the Senate that the Western lands should not be treated as a source of Government revenue, and that the right to purchase these lands should be allowed on more liberal terms in order that new states could be formed. Far too much Western land belonged to the Federal Government, and would-be settlers wanted a more liberal policy and lower transportation by way of roads and canals. It was Robert Hayne's hope that through a mutual aid cooperation, Westerners would repay the South for this aid by insisting on the reduction of protective tariffs. The motto of the new alliance was to be "Free lands and free trade." His speech was conciliatory and constructive.

The next day Webster replied with a deliberately hostile attack on the South, but especially on South Carolina. The members of his party had realized by now that the South and the West were planning a rapprochement and had urged their great orator to head them off. He quoted the words of Doctor Cooper, a Southern writer, who said in 1827 that "it is time to calculate the value of the Union." The prosperity of the Northwestern states Webster credited to the exclusion of slavery by the ordinance setting up the Northwest terri-

tory: the author of this ordinance was a New England man, he claimed. It was, however, Thomas Jefferson; Webster's historical memory was at fault. Hayne very sarcastically brought this out in his reply. Webster, however, went on to compare the free states with the slave states, to the disparagement of the latter. In other words, his object was to bring out in the open the constitutional issues that were disturbing the country. Hayne, stung to the quick by this unprovoked attack, made ready to reply.

The Senate convened again, and the city was buzzing with the news of the great issues that were to be argued. The galleries and the Senate floor itself were so crowded that it was impossible to pass through the aisles. The matrons and belles of Washington had crowded in wherever they could find standing room, and one young lady sat in Hayne's chair as he stood to deliver his speech.

The question to be argued was this: At the time of the writing of the Constitution, had the states acted as sovereign nations adopting a compact for common defense, and the administration of a few affairs of mutual interest, or had they thereby given up their sovereign right to secede, with other surrendered rights? The right of secession between 1789 and 1830 had often been suggested by many of the states, more often in the North.

Hayne replied that Webster's extravagant eulogium of the Federal Government's paternal care of the West "fell on my ears like the almost forgotten tones of the Tory leaders of the British Parliament at the commencement of the American Revolution." They too attributed the prosperity of the colonies to the protection of the Mother Country.

He contrasted the anti-patriotic attitude of the New England Federalists in the War of 1812 with that of South Carolina; he quoted the words in which Webster himself had opposed the Tariff of 1824, and lashed out in bitter sarcasm at him. He built up the argument that the "South Carolina"

doctrine of nullification which he defended was the Democratic-Republican doctrine of 1798, and the last resort of free men against dictatorial power. His States' Right argument was a defense of minority interests and historically was correct. There had been no intention on the part of the authors of the Constitution to create a superstate; local sovereignty had been visualized as a protection to the states against any arbitrary Federal authority. Hayne had the examples of Jefferson and Madison in the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions of 1798 and 1799; it was in fact this states' right doctrine that had overthrown the Federal party of 1798, and placed these two statesmen successively at the head of the government. As Madison said in the Virginia resolutions, "The constitution of the United States was formed by the sanction of the states, given by each in its sovereign capacity."

Hayne's speech to many seemed unanswerable. Henry Cabot Lodge says, "Men of the North and of New England could be known in Washington, in those days, by their indignant but dejected looks and downcast eyes." It was true that Webster formerly had opposed the tariff, but the economic interests of his New England had changed, and his section's prosperity was now bound up with protection. The Southerners were beaming with pride, Calhoun was delighted, and even President Jackson sent a letter of congratulation to Robert Hayne.

Daniel Webster's magnificent reply established the fact that the National idea must be entertained if the growing country was to be a great nation. He said once that his whole life had been a preparation for the reply to Hayne; his speech became the Credo of the Union, and was so acclaimed by the greater part of the American people outside the South. The latter at that time were only seeking tariff reductions and were not contemplating secession, but Webster's speech gave the impression that they were seeking to destroy the Union,

and as far as their future was concerned, their chances of success were hopeless. If the Federal Government was to be supreme, it could wipe out slavery by the decision of the majority, and end the Southern civilization.

In South Carolina the typical attitude of the Nullifiers was expressed by Hayne's friend James Hamilton in 1830, in the *Southern Times*. "We are with the South. Heart and hand, soul and body, we are with the South. Yet we love and venerate the American Union. We have a holy, all but a superstitious reverence for it. We believe there are but few among us who entertain different feelings . . ."

The tariff controversy of 1832 was so bitter that all compromise became impossible because of the emotional tension. Crowded galleries heard Robert Hayne argue for compromise; Jackson, always friendly to Hayne, was considering the plan with favor, but his deadly hatred of Calhoun, whom he termed "the greatest knave alive," prevented him from getting any possible satisfaction from any amendment. No concession was made to the South in this new tariff though Hayne pleaded for hours with Andrew Jackson. Van Buren, who had his eye on the Presidential succession, used his influence for the passage. The new tariff passed both Houses, and Jackson signed the bill. In the South Carolina legislature, the Nullifiers won a majority and summoned a Nullification Convention which passed the Ordinance of Nullification. This declared the tariffs of 1828 and 1832 to be null and void, and forbade the collection within the state of duties levied by them. It provided that no appeal therefrom could be taken to the United States Supreme Court, prescribed for all civil and military state officers to take an oath to enforce the Ordinance, and proclaimed that if the Federal Government used force, it would mean the dissolving of the bonds of union between South Carolina and the other States of the Union.

It was realized by the leaders that something must be done

to protect their state. At a caucus it was decided that Hayne should become the next Governor, as he was not an extremist, and his good sense would prevent warlike acts. Calhoun was to replace Hayne in the United States Senate to fight against attacks on the state in that body. Furthermore, Hayne was considered to be a very desirable choice for Governor because of the friendship that had always existed between Andrew Jackson and the two Hayne brothers, Robert and the older brother Arthur, who had fought side by side with "Old Hickory" as his aide de camp at the Battle of New Orleans.

Many of the Senators hated to see Hayne leave Washington for he had the affection and respect of everyone who knew him. His sincerity and straightforward ways were admired, and his extreme loyalty as a friend was well known. He referred to Webster as the most consummate orator of either ancient or modern times. An example of this loyalty is shown in his relations with Andrew Jackson; when the President threatened to make war on South Carolina in 1832, Governor Hayne never referred to the approving and enthusiastic letters he had received from him in the early days of Hayne's anti-tariff fight and after his first speech against Webster. It was a great sacrifice to give up his career in the Senate to accept the stormy position of Governor of his state at a time of great peril and uncertainty; he felt, however, that he ought to do it, because the quarrels between the hot heads of his own party and the Unionist group in Charleston were approaching civil war.

His inaugural speech as Governor was one of the finest he ever delivered; he was presenting to the world his defense of his native soil. South Carolina will not desert the stand she has taken until her wrongs are redressed. "She is anxiously desirous of peace; she has no wish to dissolve the political bonds which connect her with the other States; but, with Thomas Jefferson, she does not regard the dissolution of the

Union as the greatest of evils; she regards one as greater, viz., submission to a government of unlimited power." He added, "She [South Carolina] appeals to the constitution, as it was originally adopted, not as it is as present converted into an instrument of oppression." He concluded with a passionate tribute to South Carolina, the soil for which their ancestors had fought and died, where their children had been born, where he and his contemporaries would rest "when their earthly pilgrimage was over." He also modified his speech by demanding that their case be submitted to a convention of the sister states and agreed to abide by their decision.

Jackson issued a proclamation in reply to Governor Hayne's inaugural speech. He urged South Carolinians not to rush on to certain ruin; in the meanwhile he had reenforced the military and naval commands in the state. He further declared in his Proclamation that the government was not a federation of states but "a consolidated whole with sovereign power vested in the majority." The decisive bluntness of this statement was history making and many public men declared that the South would inevitably be driven from the Union. Calhoun, after taking his oath as Senator, heard this doctrine repeated in the President's message, and heard him ask for authority to use military force in South Carolina which was "in the attitude of hostile preparation" and "ready for military aggression." He was on his feet at once, repelling with indignation the charge that South Carolina was planning secession. "He was defiant, impassioned and superb"; men in the galleries wept as he spoke, and many of the Jackson faction rushed up to seize his hand and assure him of their friendship.

Governor Hayne issued a counter proclamation, and instructed that the state troops be mobilized, but at the same time insisted that they wanted no Civil War. There were radicals like Robert Rhett in his party who wanted to start hostilities at once by seizing the arsenals. The Unionists in

Charleston formed military companies armed with weapons issued by General Scott. Hayne held his people in check and worked to secure a compromise on the tariff without bloodshed.

The Unionist party in Charleston was led by many well known citizens such as Judge Huger, Henry Middleton and Joel Poinsett, the latter keeping in constant touch with President Jackson. Households were divided in their opinions, the two factions being known as "Fire-eaters" and "Submissionists." There were countless speeches and many parades. Only a miracle prevented bloodshed, but lifetime friendships were broken up. There was much drilling of recruits, and offers of service poured in on the Governor.

The officers of the Army and Navy then stationed in Charleston Harbor did nothing to improve the situation, but appeared about the streets in full dress uniform, with side arms ostentatiously displayed. Hayne told a clergyman that in spite of these aggravating circumstances, "it is my fixed resolve to avoid a collision of arms, if it be humanly possible." Again, when friends aroused him at midnight to say that Unionists were preparing to board a ship that had just arrived with munitions of war for the State, and were planning to capture the cargo, and therefore begged him to order out a volunteer company of Nullifiers to guard the property, he positively refused, saying that "in the present state of exasperation and excitement, nothing could prevent a bloody collision between armed parties meeting on the streets at midnight." Singlehanded, Hayne kept the peace.

On March 22, 1833, a Maine traveler writes an account of the Nullification Ball held in Charleston, in the Citadel, where the state's war munitions were deposited. There were many signs about the streets announcing in large letters the quotation from Jefferson, "Nullification is the rightful remedy." There were rockets and bombs let off in all directions. Hundreds of carriages in line deposited the guests, many of the

men in uniforms. Looking down from the gallery inside, the scene was a lovely one. There were state flags everywhere, and palmetto leaves; between the columns were medallions with emblematic devices on which were compliments to the distinguished Nullifiers. A cotillion was forming as Governor Hayne and Rebecca Brewton entered the hall, both wearing the cockade of Carolina.

The Yankee commentator concludes this sketch by saying: "Splendid, mad people, if this meets your eye from not an ill natured spy in your camp, pray take his advice and get sober again. Leave off drinking these intoxicating draughts of Carolina chivalry. . . . Let us be all Americans, all Carolinians, all Yankees."

Congress, under the guidance of Jackson, urged tariff reduction, and a mass meeting of Nullifiers at Charleston decided, in view of this, to suspend the operation of the Nullification Ordinance from going into effect on February 1, 1833, until the outcome should be determined. Henry Clay then offered a tariff compromise, which Calhoun supported as reasonable. It was passed, and civil war was thus averted for nearly thirty years.

In 1834 Hayne's term of office as Governor expired, and he was unanimously elected Mayor of Charleston. His active mind turned at once to his pet project, that of establishing a railroad between the Carolina coast and the navigable waters of the West. The "Charleston, Louisville, and Cincinnati company" was formed through his efforts, and charters were obtained for it from the legislatures of several states, while banking privileges were secured in South Carolina, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky. He was made president of the railroad company and traveled incessantly from state to state addressing mass meetings and legislatures, urging them to give the measure their support. He was on the road constantly, and it was hard rough traveling by stage or on horseback in Tennessee and Kentucky in those days. In his en-

thusiasm for this project, he was ahead of his generation, for the majority of public men in the South thought only of uniting the South more firmly together for the support of their peculiar institutions. He was more farseeing than the others. In the words which are engraved under the famous Valentine bust of Hayne in Charleston: "Next to the Christian religion I know of nothing to be compared with the influence of a free social and commercial intercourse, in softening asperities, removing prejudices, extending knowledge and promoting human happiness."

The Charleston-to-Ohio railroad project was in trouble almost from the beginning, due to lack of interest, jealousy of special interests in the states involved and insufficient financial backing. Calhoun resigned from the directorship of the railroad, and Hayne wrote him a letter that showed his bitter disappointment. "At every period of my life it has afforded me great pain to differ from you, and it is peculiarly painful to differ on a subject in relation to which your hearty co-operation is so essential to prevent that failure which we both agree will be so disastrous in its consequences." The road from Charleston to the West was to have been through the centre of South Carolina and by North Carolina, but when Calhoun turned his back on the scheme after his encouragement at the beginning, the plan was doomed.

The visit that Hayne made to Jackson occurred during his business trip to Tennessee. Old Hickory, still mentally very keen, was in feeble health but was eager to see Hayne again, and invited him to come to the Hermitage. Robert Hayne was accompanied by his brother Arthur, and they rode out to spend the day. The meeting has been reported by Colonel Arthur; the day passed pleasantly in reminiscences.

"My brother, standing before the General, seized his hand and said: 'General, it is more than probable we shall never meet again in this world, and as we are about to part, I will say to you with perfect frankness and sincerity that if, in the

discharge of official duties, circumstances have occurred, and many such we know have occurred, to shake our friendship, on my part, they are now and ever will be forgotten.' General Jackson rose from his seat, hardly able to stand, and taking the hand of his guest said in reply: 'Governor Hayne, the kind, frank, and noble sentiments you have just given utterance to are those I truly feel, and from the bottom of my heart I sincerely reciprocate all you say. And now, my dear sir, I rejoice that our mutual friendship is restored, and that we stand together as of old. The purity of your character—the virtues which adorn your spotless life as a public man and in the social and domestic circle—won my friendship in our first interview in 1820 at this place. I say it now, and I say it with pleasure and in sincerity, that in that great record of your country, which belongs to history, your name will stand conspicuous on the roll of her illustrious sons, as an able jurist, an elegant orator, a wise counsellor, a sagacious and honest statesman.'

This in the elaborate and flowery phraseology of over a hundred years ago was President Jackson's tribute to the man he had fought so bitterly and had even threatened to hang for his defiance in the Nullification days of 1832.

In September 1839 Robert took Brewton and their two sons William Alston and Arthur Peronneau to Asheville for the annual meeting of the stockholders of the railroad. They visited at the plantation of Governor B. F. Perry, and then journeyed on. After the meeting which developed into an acrimonious dispute between the stockholders, he was taken ill of a violent fever and died ten days later.

His intense exertions over the railroad had probably weakened his constitution. His nephew Paul Hayne writes: "His private letters at this time bespoke a weariness and despondency utterly foreign to his sanguine, buoyant temper. Presentiments, vague and formless, seemed to be present to his inward vision." He had been intensely depressed over the

unsuccessful railroad project and also the indifference that met his efforts to create a system of direct trade between the Southern ports and Europe. His wise, far-seeing plans for the future of his section of the country were a little too much in advance of his generation. The increasingly friendless isolation of the South alarmed him, and he worked tirelessly to correct it, clearly foreseeing the coming civil conflict. In one of his last letters to Calhoun, he wrote: "I believe the Abolition question will in a few years assume an importance which will throw everything else into the shade. . . . Be assured a great struggle is at hand, and we must be united at home."

He died surrounded by Brewton and his two sons, and was perfectly conscious until the end.

"Open the window," he said to her that last morning, "and let me see the sun." He lay quietly watching the sunlight flooding the autumn landscape with brown and gold lights. The towering Smoky Mountains in the distance were like peaks of clear bronze.

"How beautiful it all is," he whispered. The world to him had always been a Wonderland, and he had so loved life.

Not only the South but the whole nation was horrified by his death in the prime of life. His devoted wife was completely prostrated. Governor Perry saw her that winter in Columbia and said she had aged so that he hardly recognized her. When she was over the shock, she devoted herself to the collection of her husband's letters and papers. Unfortunately they were all destroyed in the great fire that burned down "Rockcell" their country place at Pendleton, two years after Brewton's death in 1863. She was buried by his side in St. Michael's Cemetery, Charleston.

The bulk of his correspondence has therefore been lost, and only a few letters remain. In the Hayne family there are a few tributes written to Brewton after Robert's death. They recall the very appealing kindness of the man. They tell of the loans he made to unfortunates which he never reclaimed,

of the aid offered to struggling young students, of his unfailing attention to those friends who were suffering and sick. Far more fortunate than melancholy John Calhoun in his choice of a wife, Hayne's temperament was sunny and optimistic, and radiated the joy of living. His influence on people was magnetic, and in the wild Nullification days he could step out on a balcony, calm an excited mob in a few sentences, and cause them to disperse quietly. Sue Hayne McCall in one of her letters to the sorrowing Rebecca wrote: "You were as blessed as falls to the lot of mortals to be."

7

ISAAC HAYNE THE YOUNGER

ISAAC HAYNE the Younger was the grandson of the grandson of the "Martyr," and was the son of Eloise Brevard and William Edward Hayne. The latter was a child of five years at the time of his father's execution by the British.

The younger Isaac was born in 1809 and died in 1880; he married Alicia Trapier on May 1, 1834, and was the father of eleven children. During the stormy Nullification days in Charleston, Isaac was a loyal adherent of his uncle Governor Hayne, and served as Secretary of the Convention. In December, 1848, he was elected Attorney General of South Carolina, and served in that capacity until 1868.

The election of Lincoln led to the secession of South Carolina on December 20, 1860. On January 12, 1861 Governor Pickens sent Isaac Hayne as Special Envoy to President Buchanan, still holding office, to effect if possible a peaceful transfer of Fort Sumter to his State, and at the same time to adjust all matters relating to property indemnification.

The part he played as South Carolina's special envoy shows, what is not generally realized, the great effort that the State made, together with her sister Southern States, to avert the War.

From the Southern viewpoint U. S. Major Anderson committed an act of aggression when on December 26, 1860, he abandoned Fort Moultrie under cover of darkness, and moved his entire command across Charleston Harbor to gar-

risson Fort Sumter. Therefore when the steamer "Star of the West" moved into the harbor with troops for the Fort, the captain was warned that he could not enter. When he continued to advance, two shore batteries fired on the steamer. The Governor, in reply to Major Anderson's protests, said that by the Ordinance of Secession, the State had "resumed all the powers it had delegated to the United States under the compact known as the Constitution of the United States."

Major Anderson decided to place the decision in the affair in the hands of the Government at Washington and sent a special messenger to state his side of the case. Mr. Hayne, as the Governor's delegate, was instructed to ask President Buchanan "whether he asserts a right to introduce troops of the United States within the limits of the state, to occupy Fort Sumter." He was to insist on the withdrawal of troops from the Fort and its delivery to the state authorities.

The Senators of the seceding States on learning of Hayne's journey to Washington, sent him a communication in which they stated that, as members of the future Confederate government, they felt South Carolina should do everything possible to avert hostilities with the United States, and should try to adjust the property dispute over Fort Sumter. Hayne replied that he himself had no power to make any promises, but that if they could get assurances that no more reinforcements would be sent to Fort Sumter and that no hostile act would disturb the peace, he would refer their message to Governor Pickens.

The seceding Senators sent a copy of this correspondence with Hayne to President Buchanan, who had his acting Secretary of War, Joseph Holt, reply that he could give no such assurances. At the present time it was not necessary to reinforce Major Anderson, but if he needed aid, the President would certainly protect him.

On receiving this message the Senators of the seceding States wrote to Hayne concluding in these words: "We take

this occasion to renew the expression of an earnest hope that South Carolina will not deem it incompatible with her safety, dignity, or honor to refrain from initiating any hostilities against any power whatsoever, or from taking any steps tending to produce collision, until our states, which are to share her fortunes, shall have an opportunity of joining their counsels with hers."

Hayne replied that he regretted deeply the President's resolution to keep a garrison of troops at Fort Sumter, and felt that the occupation in the midst of a harbor, with guns pointing in every direction, under the direction of the Government no longer acknowledged, would be the occasion of constant irritation and indignation. However, he would refer their ideas to Governor Pickens for his opinion.

On January 14, 1861, Hayne held an informal interview with President Buchanan which was in the nature of a preliminary talk, and on January 31 he sent the President a letter reviewing the whole subject of contention. He presented the original communication from South Carolina's government which he had delayed presenting at the request of the Senators of the seceding States.

The question at issue was this: is Fort Sumter being held as property of the United States? If so, the money value of these property rights will be adequately compensated by South Carolina. If, however, it is held as a military post, that will not be tolerated.

"To protect Fort Sumter, merely as property, it is submitted that an armed occupancy is not only unnecessary, but that it is manifestly the worst possible means which can be resorted to for such an object."

He reviewed the unsatisfactory reply of Hon. Joseph Holt, and said that to send reenforcements to Fort Sumter could not serve as a means of protecting and preserving property, "for, as must be known to your Government, it would inevitably lead to immediate hostilities, in which property on

all sides would necessarily suffer." He concluded by saying that his instructions were that if the President should refuse to deliver the Fort, he was to communicate that decision immediately to Governor Pickens.

Some further correspondence followed, and Hayne's last letter to President Buchanan stated: "You say that the fort was garrisoned for our protection and is held for the same purpose for which it has ever been held since its construction. Are you not aware, that to hold in the territory of a foreign power a fortress against her will, avowedly for the purpose of protecting her citizens is perhaps the highest insult which one Government can offer to another? But Fort Sumter was never garrisoned at all until South Carolina had dissolved her connection with your Government. This garrison entered it in the night with every circumstance of secrecy after spiking the guns and burning the gun carriages and cutting down the flag staff of an adjacent fort which was then abandoned. South Carolina has not taken Fort Sumter into her own possession only because of her misplaced confidence in a government which deceived her."

Isaac Hayne returned home on February 8, 1861, without having been able to settle anything. Old President Buchanan retired from office having effected nothing to allay the storm. He was of the opinion that there was nothing in the constitution that gave him the right to use force against the seceding states. Horace Greeley too felt that the right to secede was legal but tragic. There had always been a widespread belief among the original colonies that any state could secede from the Union whenever it was to their interest. The Federalists supported Secession; the Hartford Convention agreed that Acts in violation of the Constitution were void. The Supreme Court's powers were undetermined until after 1812, when the leadership of John Marshall did much to arouse belief in the Court as the final judge of the constitutionality of all laws. John Calhoun, as Thomas Jefferson before him,

denied that the Federal Courts could arbitrate in disputes as to the powers delegated, because the Federal Government could not be the judge of a dispute to which it was a party. The states would always be sovereign, and the Federal Government was created by a compact between them. Certain powers had been delegated to the Federal Government, but the states had reserved all other powers.

As the two sections of the country drifted hopelessly apart, the Southerners kept protesting they were loyal to the Constitution and only opposed the Northern interpretation of certain sections. The new states that had come into being in other parts of the country had no special traditions of their own, and were only interested in forming a nation which they felt must be preserved at all costs.

Thus when war came, in the words of Jefferson Davis, the Southern opinion was that their states did not start a war of aggression: "They stood in an attitude of self-defense, and were attacked for merely exercising a right guaranteed by the original terms of the compact. They neither tendered nor accepted any challenge to wager of battle. The man who defends his house against attack cannot with any propriety be said to have submitted the question of his right to it to the arbitrament of aims."

There are many mentions of Isaac Hayne the Younger in Mary Boykin Chestnut's *A Diary from Dixie*, for the two families were great friends. In the nervous days before the outbreak of the War, they made many excursions together which gave them the opportunity of discussing the situation. They drove on the Battery, they took a boat out to the Island Forts. Mrs. Chestnut writes of a supper party at the Haynes where Governor Pickens, with a new wig, was present with his lovely flirtatious wife Lucy. There was a public meeting that night, which one of the guests was suddenly called on to attend. "We were sad that we could not hear the



Isaac Hayne, The Younger

speaking, but the supper was a consolation; pâté de foie gras, salade, biscuit glace and champagne frappé."

Two of Isaac's boys were in the army, Isaac III and the handsome young Shubrick. We also hear of young Isaac through the pages of Mrs. Chestnut's *Diary*. A bomb fell in the midst of his company at Fort Moultrie, and he picked it up and threw it in the water. Shubrick was a member of the Carolina Light Infantry, and one of the Color Guard. When the standard bearer was killed at the Battle of Cold Harbor, Virginia, he stepped forward, seized up the flag and fell mortally wounded. His name is on the tablet of the Confederate dead of St. Philip's Church, Charleston.

There were two daughters. Harriet Hayne married Edward Barnwell in the first year of the War; Mary or "Minnie" died in 1868 at the age of twenty three. She also has a tribute in the *Diary*; the sprightly Mrs. Chestnut says that a dashing Charleston Captain was coming to take her to call on the Haynes in order to see Minnie's foot which "was the smallest, most perfect thing in America."

After the War the Haynes lived surrounded by the miseries of Reconstruction and endured them patiently. Isaac's cousin, Colonel William Alston Hayne, decided to emigrate to California with his large family of small boys, but he was twelve years younger. Isaac had been part of the life of Charleston for so long that he had neither the heart nor the strength to begin life in a new region among strangers. He believed, as did General Lee, that it was the duty of Southerners to stay with their ruined land and help build it up again. Surrounded by his old neighbors, he could endure anything.

After his death in 1880, his children carried on; he had left them the fine traditions of a Charlestonian who had devoted his life to the service of his State and had earnestly tried to keep off the civil conflict.

8

THE POET

AN OVER-ENTHUSIASTIC critic has called Paul Hayne the greatest Southern poet after Edgar Allen Poe. This statement is open to question, but the fact is that no poet in that section of the country has done more for literature, and many of his sonnets and simple lyrics have an exquisite sensibility of imagination and a perfection of melody that have rarely been excelled. Furthermore, as a professional man of letters, he achieved the task of supporting himself and his family by his pen in the grim Post War era of reconstruction in the South, and that in itself was a near miracle.

He was born in Charleston in 1830, and died in 1886 in his little log cabin in the Georgia hills after many years of struggling against poverty and relentless tuberculosis. Before the Confederate War, he was a leader in the young circle of literati who used to gather in the home of William Gilmore Sims, the dean of South Carolina writers. Hayne had graduated in law from the College of Charleston, but cared neither for law nor for politics. As Senator Robert Hayne's nephew, and as an only child of wealthy parents, he had every prospect of a brilliant career, but his only wish was to be a poet, and a poet he remained to the end of his days.

In one of his early poems,* he makes a modest dedication to his chosen profession:

* The poems quoted here appear in *Poems of Paul Hamilton Hayne*, Complete Edition, D. Lothrop and Company, Boston, 1882.

Yet would I rather in the outward state
 Of song's immortal temple lay me down,
 A beggar basking by that radiant gate,
 Than bend beneath the haughtiest empire's crown.

For sometimes, through the bars, my ravished eyes
 Have caught brief glimpses of a life divine,
 And seen a far mysterious rapture rise
 Beyond the veil that guards the inmost shrine.

Three volumes of his poems, two of them published by Ticknor in Boston, appeared before 1860, and were favorably received, especially in the North where he had visited and where he had many author friends, with whom he corresponded for years. He was an indefatigable letter writer, and much of his correspondence is preserved in the Library of Congress, as well as in the Libraries of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Cornell, in the University Libraries of Virginia and of Texas, as well as the Boston and New York Public Libraries. A selection from these collections has been edited by Daniel Morley McKeithan and was published in 1944 by the University of Texas.*

These letters tell his history in his own words and reveal his naive and whimsical personality. His world was always the world of poetry; the fragrant lonely pinewoods, the wild sea breaking against rocky coasts, the exotic flowers of Southern gardens inspired him to song. His wife Mary, "his morsel of a wife," the daughter of a French physician, gave him lifelong understanding, and her companionship, together with his correspondence with friends throughout the world, constituted his happiness and compensated for constant illness and lack of comforts.

* Excerpts from letters quoted here are taken from this volume—*A Collection of Hayne Letters*.

As a young man he was victor in a duel against "a most conceited, overbearing, intolerable puppy," who tried to take possession of Hayne's table in a billiard room, and used vile language. Early next morning they fought with pistols. The opponent was so nervous that he fired over Hayne's head; fortunately he was not killed, as the poet only shot him in the leg. Hayne describes to his New England friend, Richard Stoddard, the "period of agony" he suffered the night before the duel, and the whole affair was kept a secret from his family. "You know," he writes to Stoddard, "that old appeal de Dieu is much more common in the South than it is with you, and that it is well nigh impossible for a gentleman if publicly affronted to avoid the ordeal."

He seemed to have no realization of the approaching civil conflict. As far as he was anything, he was a conservative, but politics was always a bore. "I hear nothing about me now but politics—slavery and anti slavery ad nauseam. Fat old gentlemen catch me by the button, and want to know with a fierce look what I think about Nebraska. My days are rendered wretched by such persecution. Who the deuce cares whether the President cuts the throats of the democracy, or the democracy cut his."

And he was greatly amused one day by an octogenarian, "the last survivor of one of our most ancient Revolutionary families," who summarized a discussion of Paul's relatives, the "Martyr" Isaac Hayne and Senator Robert Hayne, by saying that the former had been hung and the latter "should have been hung," because of his Nullification views.

Hayne was the editor of a Charleston monthly, *Russell's Magazine*, which ran from April 1857 until March 1860. During the War, he served on Governor Pickens' staff and threw himself into the defense of the country, disappointed that his very frail health did not permit him active service in the field. Even at that time he suffered from hemorrhages

of the lungs. His war poems are not remarkable except for his fiery patriotism. The best is "The Battle of Charleston Harbor," and he speaks for his people's emotions in these lines:

There's not, in all that line of flame,
 one soul that would not rise,
 To seize the victor's wreath of blood,
 though death must give the prize;
 There's not, in all this anxious crowd
 that throngs the ancient town,
 A maid who does not yearn for power to
 strike one foeman down.

In a letter written to John Greenleaf Whittier in 1882, Paul Hayne tells of a curious psychic or telepathic experience during the Confederate War in the autumn of 1862. One of his friends, Major David Ramsay, had been engaged in the Battle of Fort Wagner at Charleston Harbor, and had been reported "painfully but not dangerously wounded." The account stated that he would resume his command in a few weeks. Hayne was taking an evening walk in a village near Greenville, South Carolina, when he saw the figure of a man coming towards him, wrapped in a brown cloak. He recognized him at once to be Ramsay, and as he hesitated, the figure or phantom crossed the road and disappeared among the trees. Later he learned that his friend had died unexpectedly that very afternoon.

"My wife has—up to the present period—been the only recipient of my confidence; and for obvious reasons, I would ask you not to mention the matter.

But you must see, that I, at least, believe in the possibility of our dead returning sometimes.

Ever most faithfully,
 PAUL HAYNE"

The year 1865 came, and the curtain rose on a new and ruined South. Hodding Carter describes the terrible conditions thus: "The South's wealth was as completely gone at the close of the Civil War as is that of any post war European country today, and there was no Marshall Plan. Its banks were closed, its currency without value, its bonds and insurance worthless too." * Hayne's handsome Charleston home was burned, his securities had vanished and the family silver and jewels were carried off by General Sherman's men. He was practically penniless, ill most of the time, with a wife and little son to support. However, with indomitable spirit, they moved to the Pine Barrens of Georgia, where on top of a windy hill he constructed a small wooden cabin with his own hands, and planted a garden where he grew peaches, melons, and strawberries. Here, with \$400 a year income and his pen, he faced the world. The cabin was christened first "Hayne's Roost," later received the more "elegant" name of "Copse Hill."

Four years of war had separated him from his New England friends, and it was vitally important for him to get in touch with them. He could only make a living in the Northern market. There had never been a large reading public in the South, still less after the War. The passionate absorption in politics and the efforts to preserve their way of life had for many decades precluded Southern interest in literature except among small groups of individuals. Writing was looked on as a pretty pastime and a drawing room accomplishment. Most Southern poetry was amateurish and insipid. Poets imitated the metrical forms of Tennyson or Byron, wrote of highly sentimental subjects, and originality was non-existent, except in the work of Hayne, Timrod and Lanier. Paul Hayne had realized this after his first visit to Boston and had felt bitter that at home "every literary worker is (as a general rule) neglected, if not ridiculed." He

* *Southern Legacy*, Louisiana State University, 1950, pp. 24-5.

deplored the utter lack of interest in literature, and wrote to his friend James Russell Lowell, "To any earnest literary man the Society of the South is uncongenial." This opinion, however, in no way lessened his intense love for his people and their tradition.

Once more he corresponded with his old friends William Cullen Bryant, Bayard Taylor, Longfellow, Whittier, Stoddard and Lowell, all of whom did their best to help the poet whom they had always loved and respected. Once again he sent contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly*, to *Scribners*, to *Harper's Magazine* and to *Putnam's*. Most of them were accepted. Northern magazines paid him fifteen or twenty dollars for poems, seven to ten dollars for his sonnets. In 1872 Lippincott's published his *Legends and Lyrics*, and in 1873 he edited his friend Henry Timrod's poems, writing a moving tribute to the man he considered a neglected genius. In 1878 appeared his biographies of Robert Hayne and Hugh Legaré. Never had a writer composed so constantly. Added to his eagerness for self expression was the grim necessity of earning his daily bread. He turned out long narrative poems on the style of William Morris' poetical tales, poems for children, tributes to his kind New England friends and many sonnets, which was the literary form best suited to him.

There were bitter intervals in this incessant work when he had to rest in bed, racked by coughs, shortness of breath, or hemorrhages. His desk was an old carpenter's bench, and his "morsel of a wife," Mary, made the rough walls of the study attractive by pasting "cutout pictures" from current magazines. He wrote to Horace Scudder: "Thankful we are if the bacon and hominy don't give out, and the brown sugar remains to sweeten a scanty jorum of eggnog, with just a soupçon of corn whiskey."

William Hamilton, the poet's child, was educated at home by his father in these sordid Post-War surroundings. "No loaded Christmas trees will adorn our cottage home," wrote

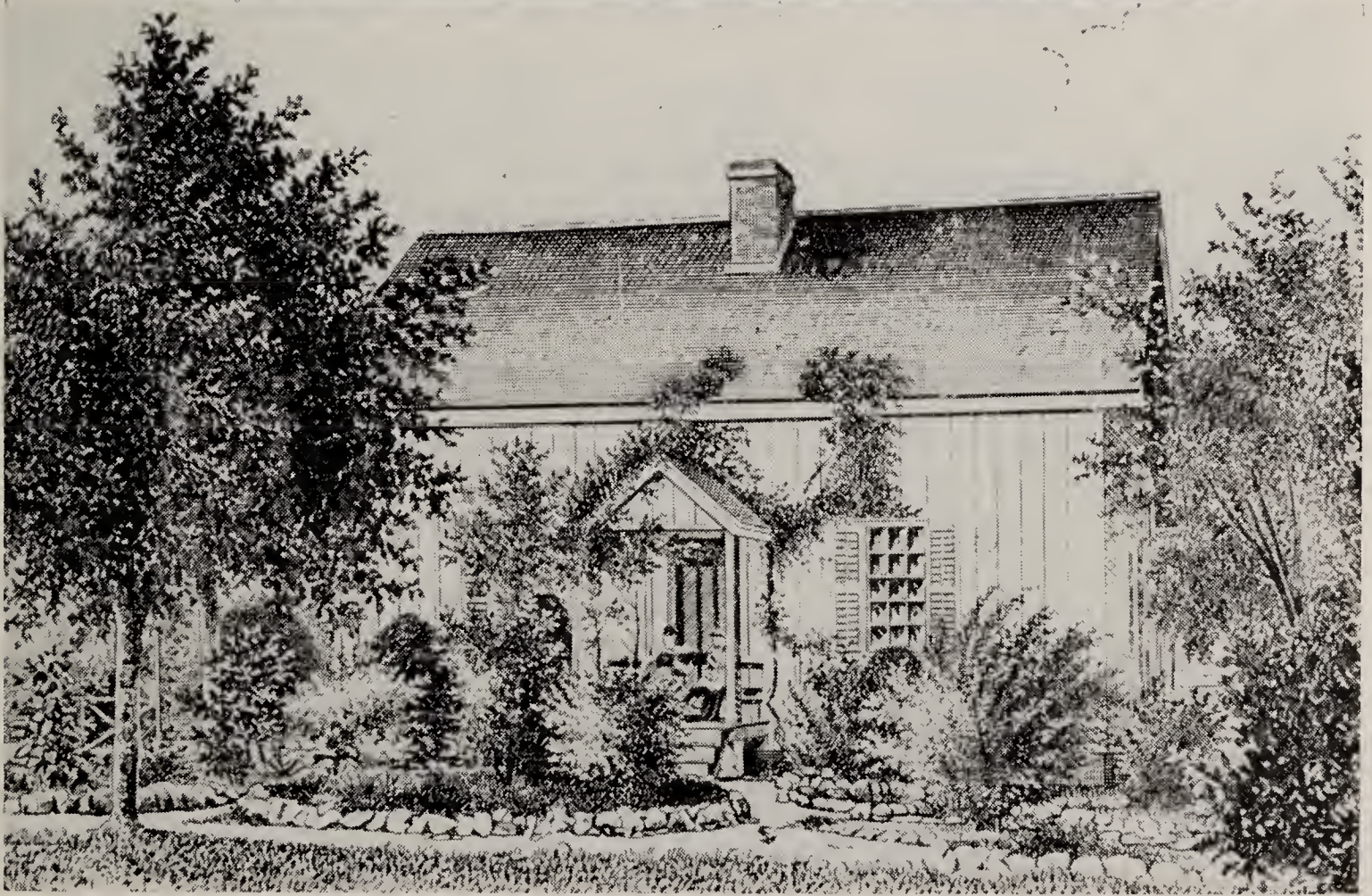
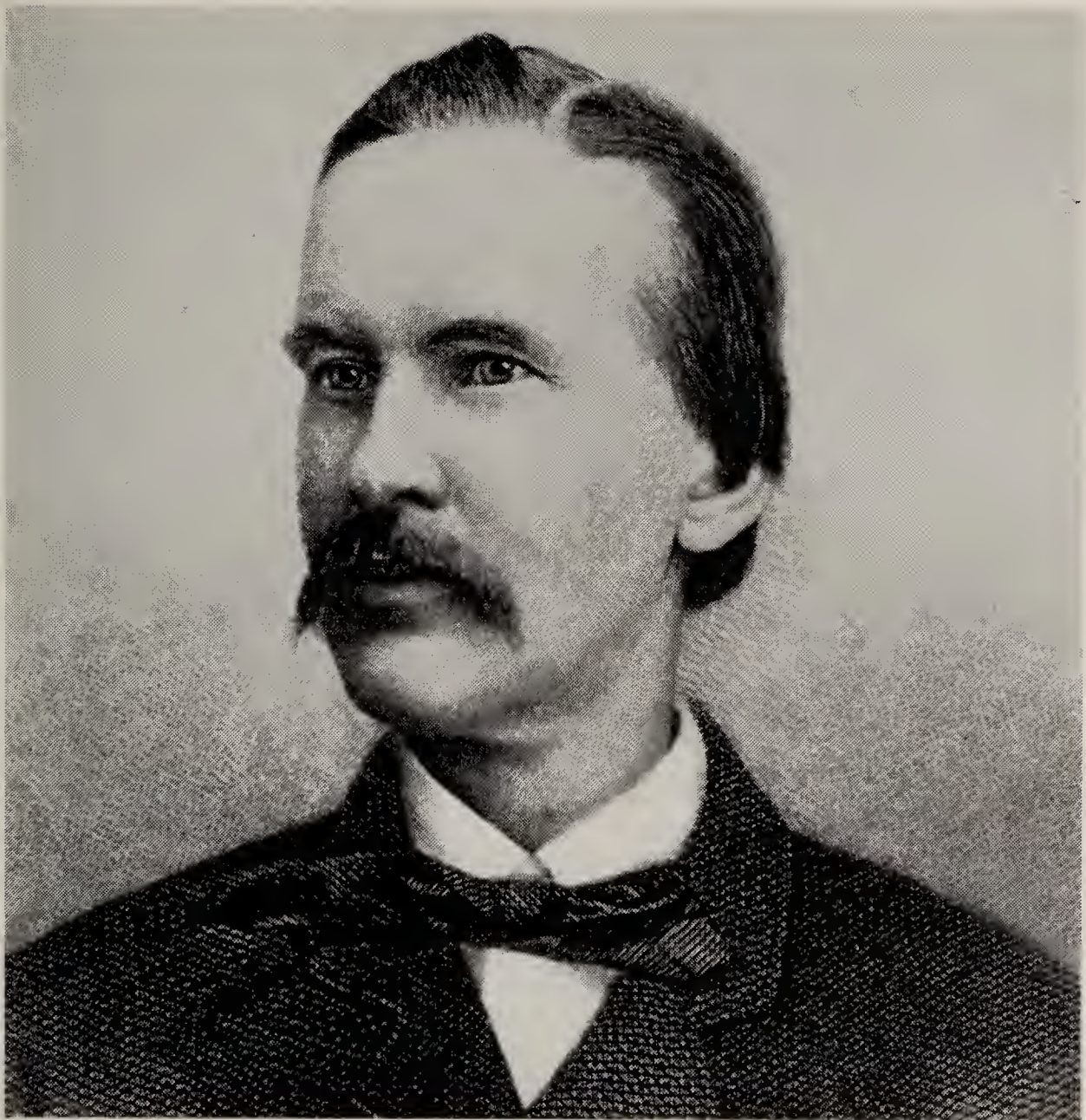
Paul Hayne, "Turkey is a dream of past ages, and plum puddings visit the children only in the visions of the night." However, he had a happy if lonely childhood, and went to school in Charleston for a time; later he became a poet and contributed to the leading magazines, outliving his parents by many years and dying a bachelor.

Paul Hayne never relaxed his gracious hospitality and he extended repeated invitations to his New England friends to visit him and share pot luck with him and Mary. Thus, he wrote to Longfellow in 1878, "Please think seriously about flying from your winter annoyances in the way of visitors, and coming for rest and peace Southward. I could so manage the matter, that no one would know of your visit, and oh! what peace would come to your spirit; and how many new quaint experiences I could promise you.

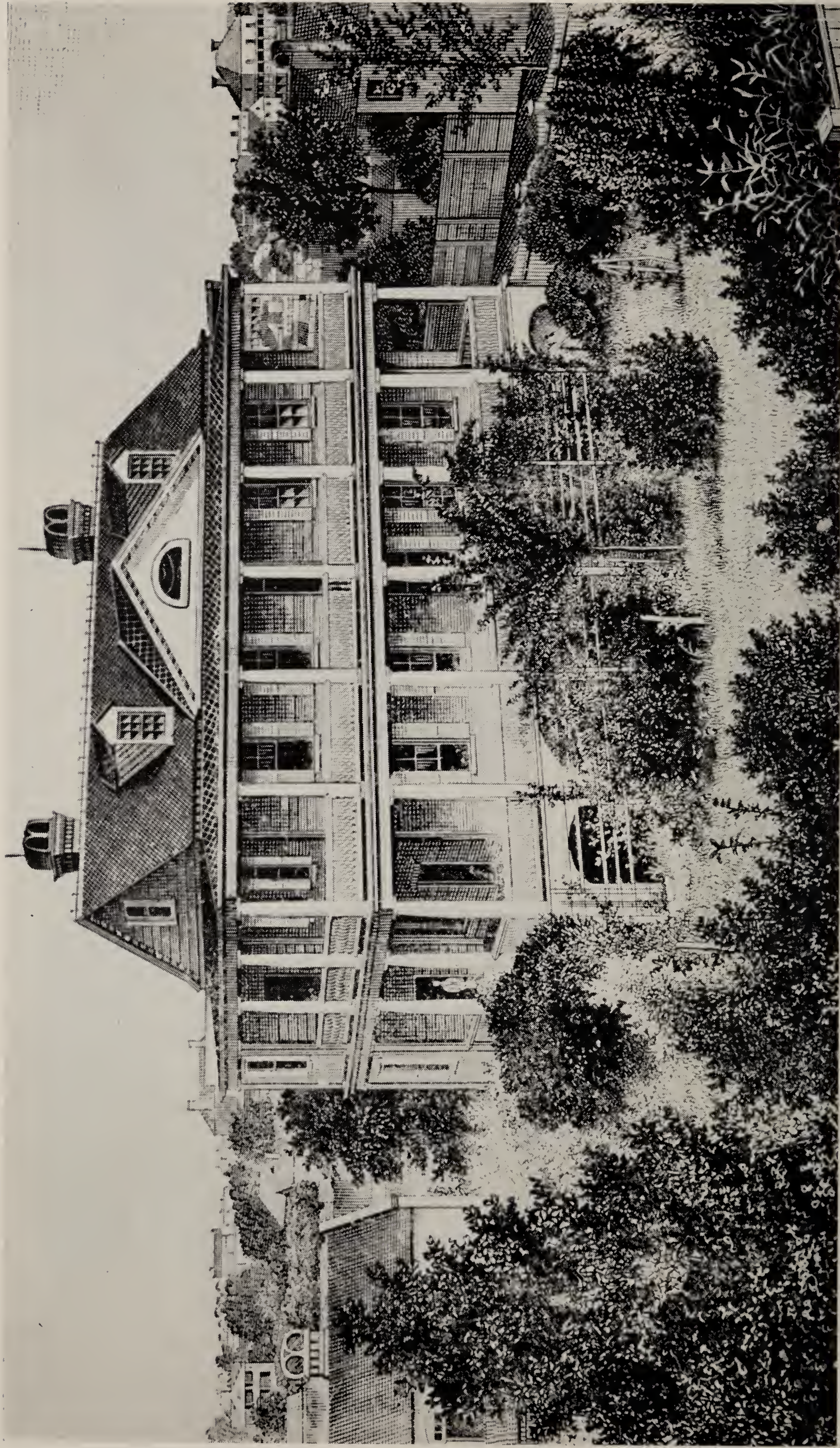
"My wife would treat you as tenderly as if you were her own father; and you'd feel just as truly at home, as any mortal can feel."

Hayne contributed regularly to Southern periodicals although many were unable to pay him. As time went on, "Copse Hill" was visited by many young Southerners who were interested in a writing career and enjoyed long discussions with the poet, drawing encouragement and inspiration from his enthusiasm. To the shabby Post-War generation of the South, Hayne occupied the place that William Gilmore Sims had in the prosperous fifties. He saw the great possibilities in the Southern background and eagerly wished to have its literary standards as high as New England's.

Reconstruction conditions were a torment to him. At the time of Wade Hampton's election as Governor of South Carolina, he wrote that "none save those who have lived in, or near Carolina during the last decade could fully comprehend the state of affairs. Why, even now that the result of the elections is revealed, the City of Charleston resembles a Dahomey town, or camp, rather than a Christian city in a



Paul Hamilton Hayne, the Poet and his
home, "Copse Hill," Georgia



Birthplace of the Poet, Charleston

Christian land! Ladies dare not leave their home after night-fall, and hardly in the daytime, for fear of being maltreated by negro ruffians in the street;—the very schoolgirls going to and coming from school are liable to the grossest personal insult; while negro policemen have not hesitated to shoot down quiet citizens, walking towards their offices of business, upon the first indications of a row precipitated by roughs and villains of their own color.”

Paul Hayne was in no sense democratic as we understand the word today. He believed in the rule of the best men, and by “best men” he meant not the “well born” but intellectuals. The policy in South Carolina, as it was also in Virginia, had always been the intensive training of a few for political leadership, and for over sixty years after the American Revolution, these leaders had rendered magnificent service to the nation. The evils of reconstruction times only confirmed Hayne in his aristocratic beliefs. He was a child of his region, and apparently never questioned the institution of slavery, although he felt the tremendous responsibility of the master for his dependent slaves. One of his very interesting poems “The Hanging of Black Cudjo” is written in the Gullah dialect of the Carolina negro, and commemorates the heroism of a slave who is vainly tortured by the British to disclose the whereabouts of his master.

In one of his sonnets he wishes that the Haynes had remained in their four hundred year old Manor House, in Shropshire, England, and had never ventured forth to the wilds of South Carolina, as they did in 1700. Would they not have been happier in the Old World?

But most I dream of Shropshire's
meadow grass,
Its grazing herds, and sweet hay-
scented air;

An ancient hall near a slow rivulet's
 mouth;
 A church vineclad; a graveyard glooming
 south;
 These are the scenes through which I
 fain would pass;
 There lived my sires, whose sacred dust
 is there.

He was no Jeffersonian. In a letter to Moses Coit Taylor in 1877, he says he is neither Republican nor Democrat. "Self government by the masses I believe to be the grossest of humbugs, and any government less powerful than a limited monarchy is bound, sooner or later, to fall to pieces."

He continued to strive earnestly for better feeling between the North and the South, and hoped that harmony and understanding might be achieved by scholars, writers and thinkers in both sections. At the time of the yellow fever epidemic in the South, he was deeply touched by Northern efforts to relieve the sufferers, and wrote a poem of gratitude dedicated to Oliver Wendell Holmes, who had been a moving spirit in the contributions.

In 1879 Hayne and his wife made a three month tour through New England as far as New Hampshire, and stayed at Whittier's home in Massachusetts. There was a deep devotion between the stern old Quaker abolitionist and the gentle Southern aristocrat who had such a capacity for friendship. "We had attentions lavished upon us," wrote Paul; "invitations to many private houses and guests invited from hundreds of miles to meet us. Longfellow gave us a lunch, as he did Dickens and Thackeray; and we spent five days with Whittier, visits never to be forgotten." Back in "Copse Hill," he writes to a friend to tell of the death of his mother, and this tragic sentence shows his health, "I had several hemor-

rhages at the North, the most severe in New York, but thank God, for two months I have had none."

Hayne's enthusiasm for his friends was unstinted and uncritical. Of all the New England circle of writers he most esteemed the talents of James Russell Lowell: "To my mind Lowell is the Poet of America. He possesses a compactness of creative imagination, a breadth of view, and a wealth of expressive phraseology none of the others can begin to rival."

In a poem in honor of Emerson's seventy-seventh birthday, he expresses his awed admiration of the old Transcendentalist, whose life had been spent in:

The offering of far thoughts, profound
as prayer,
And starry dreams, still rhythmical of
youth,
With travail of brain that pants for
loftier air,
To the veiled mystery of immaculate Truth.

Paul Hayne had been deeply troubled by religious doubts. He writes to a music critic in Boston in 1879, "Do you believe that with man's final breath, everything is, in sooth, over?—that he sinks into everlasting annihilation?"

"So Many wise and 'learned Thebans' advocate this doctrine, at present, that upon my soul! one begins to doubt the Spirituality of the Pulpit itself: and to rank all mankind as 'Saducees.'"

This underlying doubt gave rise to what is probably his most moving poem. As a man who had enjoyed few well days in twenty five years, he realized that he might be taken away at any time from his beloved Mary.

A little while I fain would linger here:
 Behold! who knows what strange, mysterious
 bars
 'Twixt souls that love, may rise in other
 stars?
 Nor can love deem the face of death is
 fair;
 A little while I still would linger here.

A little while I yearn to hold thee fast,
 Hand locked in hand, and loyal heart to
 heart;
 (O pitying Christ! those woeful words,
 "We part!")
 So ere the darkness fall, the light be
 past,
 A little while I fain would hold thee
 fast.)

A little while, when night and twilight
 meet;
 Behind, our broken years; before, the deep
 Weird wonder of the last unfathomed sleep
 A little while I still would clasp thee,
 sweet;
 A little while, when night and twilight
 meet.

Hayne wrote so many poems that it is not surprising that he turned out much verse that is conventional and outworn. He cannot be blamed for this, as in his iron determination to earn his living as an independent man of letters, he consciously shaped his style to suit the sentimental taste of the age, and he wrote what his public wanted. However, he is always a careful master of verse technique, and his best lyrics

are a lasting contribution to American literature. They are the outpourings of a truly great soul who loved deeply, whose gallant spirit succeeded in creating a good life for himself in spite of the drabness of his surroundings and his constant suffering. He wrote once he wished that any collection of his poems should end with "In Harbor."

I think it is over, over
 I think it is over at last:
 Voices of foemen and lover,
 The sweet and the bitter have passed:
 Life, like a tempest of ocean
 Hath outblown its ultimate blast:
 There's but a faint sobbing seaward
 While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
 And beloved! like the welcoming quiver
 Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
 Those lights in the harbor at last,
 The heavenly harbor at last!

As he gradually grew weaker, Faith grew stronger with him, and he instinctively felt that all would be well. In one of his last poems he wrote of this Faith—

Creeds change! shrines perish! still
 (her instinct saith)
 Still the soul lives, the soul must conquer
 Death.
 Hold fast to God, and God will hold thee
 fast!

9

GRANDMOTHER

WHEN MARGARETTA STILES was sixteen, her father had her portrait painted by Thomas Sully. Although Sully was all the rage in Philadelphia's early forties, his prices were very moderate. For one hundred and fifty dollars he created a portrait of the young lady that even today after the lapse of over a century, arouses the envious admiration of her female descendants. In 1837 Sully had painted Queen Victoria in her coronation robes; and Margaretta could have been the Queen's younger sister, only she was more slender, more alert, and infinitely more glamorous.

Margaretta and her brothers and her one sister were born at the country estate "Clermont" near Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Their city home "Green Hill" lay beyond the then limits of Philadelphia. Sully's portrait of the father, Edward Stiles, shows him to have been a handsome man with fine features and with a ruddy English complexion. He had a capacity for enjoying the good things of life and had been used to having his own way. His was a well ordered existence of exquisite repasts, interesting friends and luxurious living. "He studied law," wrote his daughter, "but not having the spur of necessity failed to practice." Two presidents had known him intimately. As a child, in his Grandfather Stiles' home, George Washington used to bounce him on his knee and in later life that elegant bachelor, James Buchanan, was much in his company.

There had been two shadows over Edward Stiles' com-

fortable life. One was the early death of his gentle wife Anne Duncan, who left him with five children. The other was the marriage of his daughter Martha with a suitor of whom he thoroughly disapproved. He ruthlessly cut her off from the family; never was she permitted to enter the house, nor was her name ever allowed to be mentioned in his presence again.

Mr. Stiles centered all his hopes on young Margaretta who was far more accomplished than most women of the time. Private tutors had given her a thorough grounding not only in English literature, but in European and American history as well as in French and in Latin. As he had frequent visitors from Paris, she had been taught to speak excellent French, and she presided at her father's dinner parties with all the grace and wit of Theodosia Burr in an older generation.

The Philadelphia of that time has been described by many European travelers. Charles Dickens wrote: "It is a handsome city, but distractingly regular. After walking about it for an hour or two, I felt that I would have given the world for a crooked street." Lieutenant Hon. F. Fitzgerald de Roos of the Royal Navy, writing in 1826 calls it one of the most polished and enlightened cities in the United States. "We were struck by the profusion of marble which adorned the streets; the foot pavement which is remarkably broad owing to the houses having no areas, is edged with white marble; the steps before the doors of the houses are of the same material, and decorated by wrought iron railings, with bright plated knobs. The interior of the houses is extremely commodious and handsome; the apartments are large and well distributed; nor is any contrivance omitted that can tend to mitigate the extreme heat of the summer. All the floors are covered with mats of finest texture, and the rooms contain a quantity of handsome old furniture in the French style."

"All is even, straight, uniform and uninteresting," comments Mrs. Trollope though she excepted the waterworks on the Schuylkill River. Mrs. Basil Hall, however, most

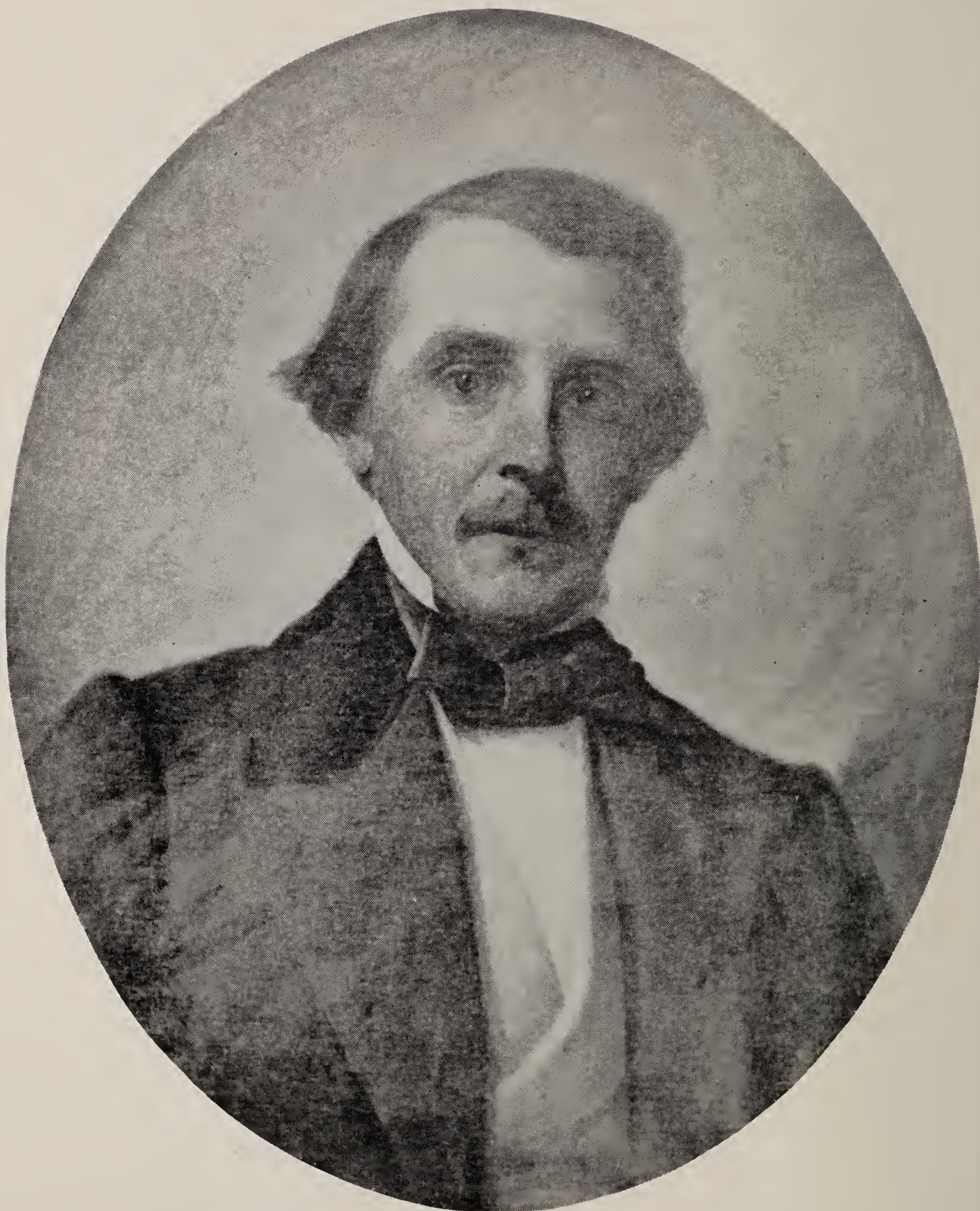
supercilious of all British travelers, who seldom saw anything praiseworthy in the United States, described a Philadelphia ball as "infinitely superior to any other of its kind that I have seen in America. Philadelphians claim being the first in rank in society of any town in the States, and the spectacle of last night makes good the pretension so far as we are competent to judge. The ladies were infinitely handsomer, more stylish and better dressed than any I have before seen here."

Such was the Philadelphia of Margaretta's youth. She thoroughly enjoyed life and had beaux at an early age. Seventy years afterwards she still had a hair bracelet presented to her at twelve by a youthful admirer. Her aunt Frances Duncan had married Arthur Hayne, who had distinguished himself as Andrew Jackson's aide at the Battle of New Orleans; and later, when on a tour of the North, her nephew William Alston Hayne called at the Stiles home with letters of introduction. He was the older son of the late Senator Robert Hayne of South Carolina, and was a quiet, serious young man whom everyone liked, and he fell wildly in love with Margaretta. Although he had none of his vivacious father's conversational talents, his straightforward, frank personality appealed to the girl, even his bashfulness intrigued her. When after much hesitation, Margaretta finally said yes, no match could have delighted her father more, and when the couple were married in October, 1847, his wedding gift to his daughter was the most perfectly matched string of pearls that had ever been seen in Philadelphia.

On their way to their Southern home, the honeymooners were given a ball by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Livingston at Montgomery Place, their estate on the Hudson. Senator Hayne had died eight years before, his brilliant career cut short by a swamp fever, but as one of the state's most beloved sons, he was unforgotten, and the south regretted the loss of his leadership. The young bride was precipitated into



Margaretta Stiles Hayne, Grandmother
Portrait by Thomas Sully



Colonel William Alston Hayne, Grandfather
Portrait by Samuel Morse

a completely new world, where she was welcomed by Charleston relatives and friends as one of their own. To quote a French comment on the city, Achille Murat in his *Moral and Political Sketch of the United States*, published in 1833, wrote: "It is to Charleston that one should go to enjoy American society in all its luxury. There various circles, composed of planters, lawyers and physicians, form the most agreeable society I have ever known. The manners of the South have a perfect elegance; the mind is highly cultivated; and conversation turns upon an infinite variety of subjects with spirit, grace and facility."

The young Haynes made their home for a time in the white West Indian house on King Street with "Old Miss" as the slaves called Senator Hayne's widow. Down the street lived a houseful of Pringle cousins, nine boys and four girls, children of Mary Motte Pringle, Rebecca's younger sister. Meanwhile Margaretta's own babies began arriving. There was a new one almost every year, and every one of them was a son.

Never had the old city been so interesting to a newcomer. Rice, shipping, and cotton were bringing even more prosperity, and because of the long malarial season in the Low Country, the wealthy planters made Charleston their residence the greater part of the year and devoted much time to the arts, to literature, and above all, to politics. The women were equally keen about political discussions and well able to take their part. Famous figures of the day, such as Sir Charles Lyell, the geologist, Matthew Maury, the hydrographer, Louis Agassiz, the naturalist, lectured to enthusiastic audiences. "The Swedish Nightingale," Jenny Lind, thrilled them; William Thackeray was lionized by Charleston society and adored it. Charles Fraser was painting miniatures, Samuel Morse and Thomas Sully were constantly occupied with their oil portraits. Joel Poinsett, former Ambassador to Mexico, who introduced the poinsettia to this country,

gave breakfasts that were a byword not only for the food but for the conversational feast.

Some Charlestonians spent their summers up north at Newport or Saratoga Springs, but the young Haynes, and many of their friends had places in and around Pendleton, in the northwestern part of the state. Here, in a land of red earth, 25 miles from the Blue Ridge Mountains, was the centre of the Carolina Up Country. The air was fresh and invigorating, the mountain streams furnished trout, the miles of pine forests had plenty of game. The little village of Pendleton was surrounded by fine summer residences of Charleston families, and some bought plantations where they could live the whole year. A quaint account of the region, written by Colonel R. W. Simpson, says that "the very name of Pendleton became a synonym for refined and beautiful women and for elegant and hightoned and chivalrous gentlemen."

The Pendleton Farmers' Society was established in 1815, the second in the entire country; it still stands but has become the post office of the village, for the glory of Pendleton departed with the Confederate War. It was a gay and wholesome place in those days, and its fairs and horseraces were chatted over for weeks afterwards; nor needed the inhabitants to worry over their children's education. There was an elementary school kept by Miss Mary Hunter, and both a Male and Female Academy for more advanced scholars. Misses Bates and Billings, according to one account "taught the young ladies etiquette and French, graceful attitudes and hifalutin' notions, modern manners, to walk daintily and to scream fashionably at a mouse." One of the country's first military academies was established in Pendleton, and one of the first cotton spinning factories; also on its streets occurred the first formal burning of abolition placards "sent south to stir strife and discord among a happy people."

Senator Hayne had owned at one time a plantation near

Walhalla, further to the West, but the young Haynes' plantation was very near to Pendleton, and was called "Rockcell" because of the large and fantastic rock shapes in that vicinity. Around them were livestock farms and small cotton plantations, and cotton became their staple crop, although grain and corn were also raised. The cabins for the slaves were neat and comfortable, and the main house was of wood, with verandahs running across the front. Since 1829 it had been possible to drive on a good road from Charleston, making transportation of families simpler than in earlier days. Passengers and mail were carried by great coaches drawn by four or six horses, the postillion sounding his horn, as they dashed on to a final stop by the post office.

Among the Haynes' neighbors were the families of John C. Calhoun, Symmes, Anderson, Cleveland, Maverick and Clemson. Among the earliest settlers were the Pickens, descendants of Andrew Pickens, hero of the Indian Cherokee war. Some of the Cherokees had camps in the hills and would sometimes wander down into Pendleton, to the delight of the children. All their lives the Hayne boys remembered the red hills, with the fields of white cotton, the white farmhouses with their blue ceilings, and log barns. The social life was simple. Except for an occasional dance at Tom Cherry's Inn, there were only informal gatherings on the piazzas, with tea and cakes for the ladies, and rum punch for the gentlemen.

The *Pendleton Messenger* was a remarkable newspaper that existed for many years, and reflected the high intelligence of the settlers. Its foreign and Washington news was always excellent, and there was alert reporting of many topics, both social and political. There appeared endless advertisements of horses; the colt of the famous Hyatoga was for sale at 3000 dollars. "Never was a horse more admired when living, and whose death was more lamented." Horses sold for as little as thirty dollars. Premiums were offered by the Pendleton Farmers Society for the best acre of corn if 70 bushels

were produced, for the best piece of cotton cloth made in the district, for the best barrel of malt beer. A young man reports seeing a sea-serpent off the Carolina coast; there is an amusing tradesman's advertisement headed MONEY!!! "I find it impossible to do business without making collections. I wish to accommodate my friends, but I don't wish them to forget me." There comes a smug reference to the summer heat of Charleston as "almost literally an atmosphere of fire," while anecdotes and "elegant extracts" from poems of the day made for relaxation.

Often there were published advertisements of runaway slaves, and such legal notices as, "Ninety negroes from an estate for sale. The finest gang ever offered in the Upper Country; of whom are several carpenters, a blacksmith, grooms, house servants, field hands, and many children. And under "Help Wanted" is a call for that all-important employe for slaveowners: "An Overseer. He must be sober, honest and industrious."

There was a state law forbidding the education of slaves, but it was rarely enforced. Margaretta interested herself intensely in the welfare of their slaves, of whom there were about three hundred, exclusive of the ten house servants. She taught the young to read and write, and gave special lessons to the girls in sewing. On Sunday afternoons in Pendleton the little field negroes came to the Big House, and she struggled with their catechism. The great moment for the children came with the hymn singing: Margaretta, who was always a devout Episcopalian, played the organ, and her own little boys, together with the young negroes, lifted their voices in song, and everybody was happy.

She told many anecdotes in after years about the negro children. There was the very tiny boy whom his parents called Nuttin' Tall, "Nothing at All," a name which always clung to him; and the seven year old child she scolded for breaking a vase, who said "Lord, Miss Margaretta, I touched

it with my toe and it bruk." Then she remembered the first tragic visit of a little fieldhand to the Big House, whom she found sobbing before a long French mirror. He had never seen his reflection before, and all he could say was: "Mistis, I'se just as ugly as the Debbil."

Every morning the slaves came to report their ailments to her and obtain medicine, of which a large stock was kept on hand. Then the supplies for the house had to be given out, and the day's program arranged. Every six months clothing had to be prepared and distributed to the slaves, and Margaretta was kept busy for weeks sewing with and supervising her trained negress seamstresses. Thus the years slipped by quietly with their pleasant, carefree days, and the Haynes paid occasional exciting visits to Charleston to see "Old Miss Rebecca," who was delighted with her grandsons; she took them walking on the Battery, told them stories and gave them chocolate candies from the little silver box she carried in her wide pockets. The War between the States burst over them like a hurricane; the stage had long been set, but in their happiness they had not realized it.

Margaretta's husband, Colonel William Alston Hayne, departed for War and, as so many of the officers, took his body servant with him. Their slaves in Pendleton were anxious to be helpful in every way to him and the family, and he felt he could rely on their loyalty to their mistress whom he confided to their care. Captain Alexander Boykin's grandson has written of this period, "When the time came for the soldiers to march away from their homes many a tear was shed not only by the families of the men but by the slaves as well. Often the first break would be from the blacks at the parting and a wail would come—'You ain' gwine to leave Ol' Miss and us is you?', making the separation the harder to endure."

William Alston Hayne was away from home for four years, and was only able to return to Pendleton once for a

brief furlough. Margaretta, with the aid of old Nero the overseer, kept the plantation going. "Old Miss" Rebecca left Charleston to make her home with them; she brought many of her treasured valuables with her, but she stored her own jewels as well as her mother's exquisite diamonds in a Columbia Bank. When later in the War General Sherman was marching on Columbia, a friend, acting on the family's instructions, withdrew the jewelry and buried it. Someone watched and reported the location to the enemy and everything was stolen. Rebecca passed the last anxious years of her life at the plantation, and died towards the end of the war. Her last request was to be buried by her beloved husband in St. Michael's, and Colonel William Alston Hayne was relieved of his army duties long enough to fulfil her wish. The funeral was held amid crashing shells from Fort Sumter.

Meanwhile, life on the plantation at Pendleton was grim for Margaretta. Her brother, Edward Stiles from Philadelphia, tried to help her from the beginning of the War by going to Bermuda and chartering a small vessel with which he broke through the Northern blockade, time after time, and landed food and medicine for his sister and her family at Pendleton. He even bought shoes for the little boys, who had been running barefoot for years. One result of the blockade by the North of the Atlantic coast was that, with the non-existence of imported goods, clothing had to be supplied by spinning wheels. Only the old negroes knew how to use them. Looms were built, patterned after the old ones, and elderly negresses were employed in spinning either wool or cotton into knitting yarn, from which stockings and socks could be knit for both soldiers and civilians. On the plantations of South Carolina, linen sheets were rolled in bandages for dressing wounds: blankets were very short for the Confederate soldiers, so the women sent everyone they had, and used the table cloths to scrape lint. The lights on the planta-

tions were entirely of home manufacture, candles of wax and tallow. The "Confederate lanterns" were made of twisted strands of spun cotton, dipped in turpentine, and rolled around a green hickory stick, which were placed in the open fireplaces during the summer, while in winter a light wood fire supplied all necessary light. Everybody was working so that they were happy to sink into sleep at an early hour, and be awakened by the sun.

During the long, lonely years of war, Margaretta held her family together, although it resulted in the complete collapse of her stomach, due to the constant nervous tension. Until the end of her long life at 83 years of age, she had to live on the predigested milk foods that had been prescribed for delicate children who could not take fresh milk.

With the end of the War, as Hodding Carter says, the South was completely ruined. "For the first two hundred years of his residence in America, the Negro was property, comprising at slavery's end two thirds of the South's wealth; and that wealth, together with much of the rest of the South's assets, was wiped out by war and without compensation." William Alston returned to his family at Pendleton, only to have their home completely destroyed by a mysterious night fire, in which the family just escaped with their lives, and old Nero perished under a falling door, just after he had brought out the family portraits, cutting them out of their frames and rushing them to safety. The little boys stood in the negro quarters in their night clothes watching the falling timbers of "Rockcell." The world of their childhood had disappeared forever.

The family returned to a completely changed Charleston. "The wharves were rotting, the waterfront resembled a tangled marsh, grass grew in the leading streets, and blackened walls and chimneys stood as monuments of the terrible fires of 1861 to 1865 over water-filled cellars yawning like

graves.” * Returned citizens found a large part of their property seized as “abandoned,” and had to pay rent for their own houses, the income going to the new Freedmen’s Bureau. Planters’ beautiful homes had been stripped of anything valuable, such few as had not been burned. The banks were all closed, warehouses were empty, and the countryside was a complete ruin, herds of cattle and sheep had been driven away. Everywhere one saw the pitifully emaciated Confederate soldiers, often hopelessly crippled, dragging themselves about the ruins. Government agents were everywhere, stealing everything, and a horde of professional “do gooders” had taken possession, in whose eyes every white person was guilty, and every black a person to whom nothing should be denied.

Life in the South was a nightmare. Guns and pistols were kept loaded in every home, and women had to learn to use them for their protection. The Confederate money was utterly worthless, and only the barest essentials to sustain life still existed. With the establishment of the Freedman’s Bureau, the “carpet baggers” from the North swarmed over the tragic land. In January 1866 the Negroes left the plantations and applied to the Freedman’s Bureau, demanding not only food, but the “40 acres and a mule” which had been promised them. Denied this, they were told to seek work where they could, and they wandered about the country, constant source of danger to the white population.

To a father who had the responsibility of raising a large family of children in such times, the path was clear. He must emigrate with them to better conditions. Colonel Hayne’s brother, Dr. Arthur Hayne, who at one time was married to the famous American actress Julia Dean, had settled in California some years before, and urged his brother to join him there. The Haynes decided that it was the only course to fol-

* *South Carolina—A Short History*, by David Duncan Wallace, University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, 1951, p. 557.

low, said goodbye forever to their past, gathered the children together and took a boat to New York in order to connect with a Panama steamer for California. There were at that time seven little boys; Robbie, the first born, had died an infant at the age of eight months in Charleston. While waiting for the steamer in New York, a near tragedy occurred with the total disappearance of the seven year old Brewton. After hours of frantic search, he was found, in a panic, at a store where he had seen an ivory frog cane, with which he had been so enraptured that he had not noticed that his brothers and parents had continued on their way. Fortunately he was much too frightened to move, and they found him sobbing on the curb. He never expected to see them again.

At Panama they took a train across the Isthmus to which they had been carried on shore by natives at Colon. At last the utterly exhausted family after a steamer trip up the Coast reached Oakland, where they were met by Dr. Arthur Hayne, whose little daughter Julia from that time on made her home with them.

The Haynes had a little more than three thousand dollars left in the world, and gave much thought to their future home, finally deciding on Santa Barbara, which was a large ranching center with a mild and invigorating climate. It was the most important town south of San Francisco at that time, as Los Angeles was only a small Mexican pueblo. As there was no wharf to land passengers they disembarked in row-boats and lived in the old St. Charles Hotel until their home was ready for occupation.

They bought land in Montecito, a beautiful stretch of country just over the foothills from Santa Barbara; here Colonel Hayne, with the help of his young sons and Mexican laborers, built a comfortable house of the adobe so popular in the country. It was a spacious building facing south with a breathtaking view of the Pacific Ocean and the Channel Islands. Land was extremely cheap, and the Hayne prop-

erty stretched from the Hot Springs almost to the beaches. They were the first Americans to build in Montecito; their nearest neighbor was a Mexican gentleman, Senor Valenzuela, on whose estate was the largest grapevine in the world, four feet four inches in circumference. Under the shade of "La Parra Grande" his countrymen used to gather to hold their dances and fiestas; this grapevine had been planted about 1780 by a Spanish lady who came from Mexico, making the trip on horseback. She had been given by a devoted admirer a branch from a grapevine to be used as a riding whip, and she planted it on Señor Valenzuela's estate as a perpetual memento with surprising results.

Montecito was the family's home for over forty years. More and more Americans came to Santa Barbara, as the little town with its white washed houses and red tiled roofs became noted as one of the best climates in the United States. Colonel Hayne devoted himself to fruit raising, especially to oranges and lemons. He found the latter to be more profitable as so many of the oranges rotted in transit to eastern ports; the lemon crop was marketable throughout the year, and the juice could be expressed and converted into citric acid. The price of lemons was greater than that of oranges, while the yield was about the same, so the Haynes turned to lemon growing more and more. At the same time they had an olive grove, and also devoted time to raising the English walnut, which after a period of years yielded excellent profit.

Margaretta, after the birth of eight sons, gave birth to a daughter in 1870, Anne Stiles. It was perhaps the greatest happiness in her whole life; and when the lovely little girl, after four and a half years, died in 1875, her grief was heart-rending. In those pioneer days, little was known of germs, and the child had gone with one of her brothers to buy eggs at a neighboring farmhouse where the son of the house lay ill with scarlet fever. The farmer's wife told the two children to "run in and cheer up Johnny." They both caught

the disease, and with poor little Anne the scarlet fever assumed such a virulent form that it carried her off in 48 hours. This was the second death in the Hayne family since the emigration. The second son Edward, a youth of 18, had died of pneumonia in 1868.

Life went on, the ranch prospered. Much of Margaretta's life was given to the education of her sons at home, following the school courses that she obtained from her old friend Caroline Hazard, for many years the President of Wellesley College. At night, when the uncertain Mexican servants were not on hand, the boys washed the dishes and cleaned the kitchen, while Margaretta read Prescott's *Conquest of Peru*, and *Conquest of Mexico* aloud to them.

In Santa Barbara, everyone rode horseback, going on long mountain rides in the Coast Range, or for spirited gallops on the seashore. A favorite place for picnics was the Hot Sulphur Springs, a wild spot in the side of a neighboring mountain. State Street had expanded from a narrow country road into a prosperous cemented thoroughfare with stylish if somewhat inartistic shops on all sides. Wealthy Easterners with bronchial or lung troubles arrived and built fine houses. Jaunty little phaetons, drawn by small wiry horses, and often driven by ladies, pranced here and there. A few horsecars meandered about, but the favorite means of transportation for decades was the saddle horse, and there were no more gallant riders in town than Robert, Alston, Ben, Brewton, Duncan and Perry Hayne.

On Sunday, the old phaeton was brought out, and the whole family drove to the Episcopal Church in Santa Barbara, of which Colonel Hayne was a pioneer vestryman, and a staunch pillar. A sight that always thrilled visiting grandchildren were two old slaves from a neighboring plantation in South Carolina who had emigrated and were eking out a precarious existence. They crouched by the road outside of Santa Barbara to wait for the coming of the Hayne barouche,

drawn by Blossom and Nigger. They were always laden with gifts of flowers, and their shouts of welcome at the sight of "Marse Alston" and "Miss Margaretta" caused a long stop and many a tardy arrival at the Episcopal Church.

Three of the Hayne boys graduated with distinction from the University of California, for which their mother had ably prepared them. They took entrance examinations for admittance. Two brothers, Alston and Ben, followed in Colonel Hayne's footsteps and became successful ranchers. Letters continued to arrive from Charleston, to keep the family in touch with beloved friends and relatives. Unfortunately there was never any money for traveling. Once, a cousin of Colonel Hayne, Miss Susan Pringle, made a visit of several weeks to California; many a long and glorious evening was spent on the "joggling board" on the veranda, talking over the old happy days. The image of Charleston always burned brightly in their hearts, and Alston and Margaretta brought up their boys to love the city which the family had called home for over two hundred years.

Colonel Hayne died in 1901, at the age of eighty, and Margaretta survived him by eight years. She was a tiny old lady who wore black or lavender dresses, and there was always a piece of delicate lace with ribbons set like a cap on her gray curls. The sons made happy marriages, but their work settled them away from Santa Barbara. Robert was a State Supreme Court Judge, noted as a scholar, and was the author of the legal classic *New Trial and Appeal*. The lovable and picturesque Alston devoted much time to ranching in Chihuahua, Mexico until the Revolution drove him out, and he then lived in Marysville and worked with his olive groves. Brewton, who had the sunniest nature in the family, and outlived them all, was City Attorney of Berkeley, California, for many years. Duncan became a well known attorney who later lived in Italy. Perry, the youngest, made a distinguished record in the Spanish-American War, and remained in the

Philippines during the War against Aguinaldo's guerrillas. He came home an invalid, his health shattered by the tropical climate, and lived in Montecito until his death in 1907. Mother and son had two happy years together. Both had a keen sense of humor and would pass hours on end in lively conversation, as Perry told of his student life studying viticulture in France or his adventures among the head hunters in Northern Luzon.

Margaretta had always loved books and devoted much of the day to reading as she grew older. She was an expert on European politics and knew the literature of France, England and Spain. The little old lady's home was a shrine where travelers dropped in to pay their respects, and came away enchanted by her sparkling personality. Through the years she kept an unswerving faith in the goodness of God, and her faith grew ever deeper as "life's late afternoon" carried her towards the sunset. She was an inspiration to her grandchildren, and although she would talk of the different point of view between eighty and eighteen, the grandchildren were made to realize that the essential principles of spiritual living were the same in all generations, regardless of race or creed.

She died of old age in 1909. She had lived much, tasted deeply of life, suffered much and loved intensely. On her tomb in the little Montecito cemetery that faces the blue California sea is written, "Her children shall arise and call her blessed."

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